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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JANUARY, 1826.

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*THE RT. HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.*

**THE** life of Sheridan, beyond that of most men, offers an edifying lesson to the world; for seldom, indeed, have splendid talents proved less advantageous to their possessor, and rarely has the want of common prudence occasioned more acute distress. Carelessness and prodigality appear to have been almost hereditary in his family. His great grandfather, who was a Protestant country gentleman of some property in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, ruined himself by various acts of extravagance. Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Dean Swift, the son of this spendthrift, though a man of talent and learning, displayed similar failings. By the assistance of friends, he passed through a course of education at Trinity-college, Dublin, and, having taken holy orders, obtained a fellowship, which he lost in consequence of his marriage with Elizabeth Macfadden; a woman whose person, education, or manners, afforded no apology for an action which his circumstances rendered extremely imprudent. The father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the third son of this couple. He attained great eminence as a tragedian, and a lecturer on elocution. His wife was the grand-daughter of Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, a woman of highly cultivated abilities. She wrote "Sydney Bid-dulph," a very interesting novel; "Nourjahad," an oriental romance; and two comedies.

The late Mr. Sheridan was the youngest son of this accomplished couple, and was born in Dorset-street, Dublin, in October, 1751; and baptised November the 4th, at the parish church of St. Mary. He was named Richard, after an uncle; and Brinsley, after Brinsley, Lord Lanesborough, a particular

friend of the family. To the instructions of his mother, he was indebted for the earliest developement of his talents; after which he was consigned to the care of his cousin, Mr. Samuel Whyte, who then kept an academy in Grafton-street, Dublin. The elder Mr. Sheridan was proprietor of the Dublin theatre; and becoming involved in difficulties, was, at length, obliged to leave Ireland. His son Richard, however, remained with Mr Whyte till August, 1759; when, together with his brother, he was removed to England, their parents at that time residing at Windsor. In 1762, he was sent to Harrow school, under Dr. Sumner, and it is said, that while there, he seemed indolent, careless, and inattentive; though, in spite of these faults, his genius did not escape the observation of the late celebrated scholar, Dr. Parr, then one of the assistant masters at Harrow. Sheridan left school at the age of eighteen, and the narrowness of his father's circumstances prevented his entrance at either of our Universities. Adopting the law as a profession in the first instance, he entered as a student of the Middle Temple; but the close application necessary for such pursuits could hardly be expected from one of his volatile disposition; and he accordingly relinquished the perusal of Littleton, Coke, and Selden, for politics and the drama. His early marriage also, doubtless, induced him to look out for some more immediate means of support than his practice as a barrister would have been likely to afford him. In consequence of his father's residence at Bath, Mr. Sheridan became one of several candidates for the heart and hand of Miss Eliza Linley\*, the daughter of Mr. Charles Linley, a musical performer and composer of eminence. After fighting two duels with Mr. Matthews, the latter of which is said to have been a desperate combat with swords, Mr. Sheridan triumphed over all opposition, and made a prize of "The Syren," as the lady was then usually styled. The marriage took place April 13th, 1773. With a delicacy natural enough to a high-spirited man, Mr. Sheridan objected to her appearing afterwards in public; circumstances, however, so far altered his resolution, that Mrs. Sheridan gave concerts at her own house, both at Bath and London.

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\* A portrait and memoir of this eminent lady will be found in our Museum for September, 1816.

Having soon dissipated the very moderate property with which he set out in the world, he turned his attention to writing for the stage, as the means of adding to his resources. That admirable comedy, "The Rivals," was his first dramatic production, and was brought out at Covent-garden, in January, 1775. Though not at first received with the favour it deserved, yet the young author felt sufficient confidence in his own talents to continue his exertions, till they were crowned with splendid success. His next effort, "the Duenna," a comic opera, was generally admired; and "The School for Scandal," which followed, raised him at once to the rank of the first dramatist of the age. While he was thus delighting the public by his compositions, he became a proprietor of Drury-lane Theatre, by the purchase, in conjunction with Dr. Forde and Mr. Linley, of Garrick's share of the patent. His proprietary property sufficed to give him a qualification for a seat in the House of Commons; and the circumstance probably led him to look forward to political distinction.

The friendship of Lord John Townshend procured him an introduction to Mr. Fox, who, like the rest of the world, was fascinated with the conversational talents of Sheridan, which he considered not inferior to those of the celebrated Charles Townshend, esteemed the wittiest man of his time. At this time also he became member of the celebrated club of wits, statesmen, and literati, who gathered around Dr. Johnson, among whom were Burke, Murphy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, Sir William Jones, and others. His pen was not idle, for he wrote "the Trip to Scarborough," "St. Patrick's Day," and "The Critic," of which it is sufficient praise to say that they are not unworthy of the author of the School for Scandal. On the death of Garrick, in 1779, he wrote a Monody, which was spoken at Drury-lane Theatre, by Mrs. Yates, in the character of the Tragic Muse.

In 1780, Sheridan commenced his political career, for in that year he was returned member of parliament for the borough of Stafford, which he represented during five successive parliaments; and, but for his own imprudence, he might probably have retained his seat during his life. Lord North was then in power, and Sheridan ranged himself among his opponents. He displayed such ability, that, on the retreat of that minister and the conclusion of the American war, he obtained

the office of Under Secretary of State for the War department. He resigned with his principal, in consequence of a dispute with Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, who was at the head of the ministry. But on the famous, or rather notorious, coalition taking place between Charles Fox and Lord North, he obtained the very responsible post of Joint Secretary of the Treasury, under the late Duke of Portland. This ministry was composed of materials too heterogeneous to continue long in a state of union; and on its dissolution Sheridan again took his place in the ranks of opposition. Here he remained during the whole of the arduous administration of Mr. Pitt; and this was the period at which he obtained the utmost eminence as a parliamentary orator. He greatly distinguished himself on several important occasions, particularly by his opposition to the extension of the revenue laws, and on the subject of the Westminster Election. But the finest display of his talents, as a public speaker, occurred during the progress of the impeachment of Warren Hastings before the House of Commons.

Friends and foes united in their encomiums on the oratorical powers of Mr. Sheridan. Of one of his speeches of accusation, Mr. Pitt asserted that it had "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times," and that "it possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind."—Of another, Mr. Fox said, that "all he had ever heard, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing:"—and the same speech produced from Mr. Burke the following grand and elaborate compliment:—

"He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon Parliament, and glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have heard this day in Westminster-hall. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which



a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and selected."

But Mr. Pitt paid the highest honour to the eloquence of Sheridan, when he entreated the House to adjourn after hearing his speech, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could take place during the immediate effect of such an overpowering oration.

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heav'n in her appeal to man,  
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,  
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!—  
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed  
Till vanquished Senates trembled as they praised."

LORD BYRON.

In 1792, Mr. Sheridan lost his beautiful and accomplished wife, who died of a decline, leaving one son. Of this amiable lady, the famous Mr. Wilkes, whose taste will hardly be disputed, is reported to have said, that she was "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower, he had ever seen." After having been about three years a widower, Mr. Sheridan married Miss Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. With the fortune of this lady, he purchased the estate of Polesdon, in Surrey; and as he held the office of Receiver-general of the Duchy of Cornwall, worth £1200 a year, and had an interest in Drury-lane theatre, he now seemed to be placed far beyond the reach of pecuniary distress. The death of Mr. Pitt, in 1806, brought the party with which Mr. Sheridan had acted, into power, and he obtained the lucrative post of Treasurer of the Navy, and the rank of Privy Counsellor. Mr. Fox dying in a few months after his celebrated rival, new changes of administration took place, and Sheridan was deprived of office and became a member of the opposition. At the general election in 1806, he was returned for Westminster, and thus obtained a seat which had long been the great object of his ambition; but he was afterwards nominated for the borough of Ilchester, which he continued to represent during the period of his parliamentary career.

The concluding years of this highly-gifted individual were clouded by misfortune, rendered doubly afflicting by the consciousness that it was the well-deserved penalty of misconduct.—The destruction of Drury-lane Theatre by fire, and the change of management, involved Sheridan in many difficulties. When

the affairs of that establishment were arranged in 1811, Mr. S. and his eldest son were to have, on various accounts, £40,000 for their share of the property; but the portion of the former was not sufficient to liquidate the debts and reserved claims to which it was liable. The dissolution of Parliament, and his failure in an attempt to obtain a seat in the House for Stafford, the place he had formerly represented, completed Mr. Sheridan's ruin. His Biographer, Mr. Moore, says, "The Prince Regent now offered to bring him into Parliament, but the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the royal owner's mark as it were upon him, was more than he could bear, and he declined the offer. Indeed, miserable and insecure as his life was now, when we consider the public humiliations to which he would have been exposed, between his ancient pledge to whiggism and his attachment and gratitude to royalty) it is not wonderful that he should have preferred even the alternative of arrests and imprisonments to the risk of bringing upon his political name any further tarnish in such a struggle. Neither could his talents have much longer continued to do themselves justice, amid the pressure of such cares, and the increased indulgence of habits, which, as usual, gained upon him as all other indulgences vanished."—But this statement of the circumstances which prevented Sheridan's return to Parliament, though not absolutely erroneous, is at least extremely imperfect. An anecdote has recently been inserted in the public papers, which places the transaction in a materially different point of view.—"The truth is, that the Prince Regent did not merely offer to bring Sheridan into Parliament, but about the latter end of 1812, with a view to this object, his Royal Highness conveyed to him, through Lord Moira, four thousand pounds. The money was deposited by his lordship with Mr. Cocker, the solicitor, who acted as a friend to Mr. Sheridan on this occasion, and a treaty was opened with Mr. Attersol for a seat for Wootton-Basset. The negociation indeed was all but concluded, nothing being wanted but Sheridan's presence on the spot. On three successive evenings, Mr. Cocker dined with Sheridan, at an hotel in Albemarle-street, a chaise being, on each night, waiting at the door, to convey them down to Wootton-Basset; on each night Sheridan, after his wine, postponed the journey to the next day; and on the fourth day he altogether abandoned the pro-

ject of purchasing a seat in Parliament, received the four thousand pounds, and applied them, as he was warranted to do by the permission of the donor, to his private uses. This transaction certainly delivers the King from the reproach of never having ministered to the relief of Sheridan—a charge which has been urged against his Majesty in numberless smart satires and lampoons.\*

Mr. Sheridan, having thus thought proper to decline securing his person from arrest, for the sake of present convenience or gratification, soon became involved in the deepest embarrassment and distress. His plate, his books, his pictures, and other valuables, successively vanished for his 'daily bread;' and at length the fate which he had dreaded overtook him—he was arrested, and locked up in a spunging house, where he remained two or three days. His release from this situation only exposed him afresh to apprehension and alarm, from which he sought a temporary relief by unrestrained indulgence in that dissipation which had been his ruin. His constitution gave way, and he was soon laid on the bed of sickness, around which perils and mortifications thickened, even to the closing hour of his life. "A sheriff's officer arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off in his blankets to a spunging-house, when Dr. Bain interfered—and by threatening the officer with the responsibility he must incur, if, as was too probable, his prisoner should expire on the way, averted this outrage."

The circumstances in which Sheridan was placed now became publicly known, and many persons of rank and consequence paid him attentions; but in vain—he was past all human aid; the termination of his woes was fast approaching. A day or two previous to his death, the Bishop of London read prayers by his bed-side; and on Sunday, July 7th, 1816, that event took place, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The length to which this memoir has necessarily been extended precludes us from inserting in it some interesting anecdotes of Sheridan, which we had collected, and which must therefore be reserved for our next number.

M. J.

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\* This statement first appeared in the *Westminster Review*, and has since been copied into other periodicals.

## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

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BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

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*London, Jan. 25th. 1824.*

BEFORE I say any thing on the subject I propose to treat of, it will not, perhaps, good reader, be amiss to make thee a little acquainted with myself, and my motives for writing. Be it known to thee, then, that I am a man verging fast towards old bachelorism; that is to say, in plain English, I am on the wrong side of fifty; have a moderate fortune, an indolent disposition, and a wonderful love of information on all subjects, particularly on all that relate to the manners and customs of other nations. This disposition would have made me a great traveller, were it not counteracted, in some degree, by my natural indolence, which renders me desirous of getting all the information I can, without any personal trouble. It is now between nine and ten years, since the good people of England, having obtained free access to the dominions of his Most Christian Majesty, have exerted themselves to make up for the length of time they had, previously, been obliged to remain at home, by flocking in crowds to Paris, in order to get rid, with all possible expedition, of their English money, morality, and *mauvaise honte*. My hatred of locomotion has hitherto prevented me from being one of the migratory tribes, but even my indolence at last gives way to my desire of ascertaining what truth there is in the various and contradictory accounts which my travelled friends give of Paris; for out of more than a dozen who have favoured me with their opinions on the capital of the great nation, there are not two who agree. My old crony, Gregory Grumblemore, swears that a man might as well look for comfort in an Esquimaux hut as in a Paris hotel; and that, between their stone floors, miserable fires, sour wines, and villanous meat, more villanously cooked, he found only an alternative of cold, cholic, and hunger. George Gourmand, on the contrary, assures me that Paris, dear Paris, is the only place on earth where a man can actually find a really well-dressed dinner. Respecting the works of art or



the manners of the country, neither of these gentlemen could give me any information; the one being too much occupied in vain endeavours to make himself comfortable, and the other in successful ones to improve his stock of culinary knowledge, to have any time to throw away on these subjects.

Val Virtu indeed, who is allowed to be a connoisseur, has assured me, that there were many things worth seeing. "That is," added Tom Taciturn, "provided you could be suffered to look at them quietly, which is a happiness you need never flatter yourself with enjoying, in a country where the tongues of the inhabitants furnish an excellent comment on the perpetual motion.

It is this very circumstance which renders Paris so delightful to Dick Volatile, who told me that the lively familiarity of the inhabitants put him directly at his ease; "You are never once," cried he to me the other day, "reminded that you are a stranger, by the cold looks and formal speeches of the Parisians; on the contrary, you meet from those frank and hospitable people with that sort of attention which is——" "Exactly proportioned to what you are able to pay for it," interrupted Sam Snarl. "Trust me," continued he, addressing himself particularly to me, "I know the Monsieurs pretty well, and the result of my knowledge is, that neither themselves nor their *bonne Ville de Paris* are worth crossing the channel to become better acquainted with."

Pretty well puzzled by this variety of opinions among my male friends, I next applied to the ladies of my acquaintance, but with no better success. The widow Flariet, who had a handsome jointure, was delighted with the Parisians, particularly the men, who are, she says, the most amiably polished, and attentive creatures upon earth. This opinion is warmly controverted by her nearly-portionless two daughters, who have now been for some years withering on the virgin. These ladies declare, that French women are all vain, intriguing coquettes; who do every thing in their power to keep timid young English ladies in the back-ground; and that Frenchmen are self-sufficient puppies, who are incapable of loving any thing but themselves.

Miss Loveshow wonders that all the world does not go to that charming city, where they will find sophas covered with

velvet, superb inlaid tables, and magnificent mirrors, as common as horse-hair chairs, paltry looking glasses, and mahogany sideboards in England. Mrs. Nicely is astonished that every body does not run away from such a nasty, unwholesome place; where they never scour their rooms. Mrs. Gad-about was enchanted, because she had so many opportunities of going abroad; and Miss Sober found herself miserable, because she never could be suffered to remain quietly at home.

If I sit quietly down to discuss the subject, each of my friends, acting under the influence of his or her prejudices, draws a picture of Paris and its inhabitants, which, in all probability, is "as like as I to Hercules;" and if I presume to contradict any one of them, it never fails to draw forth the exclamation, "Bless me, Mr. Crayon, what can you possibly know of a country where you have never been." Flesh and blood can bear this no longer, and, in spite of my natural indolence, and the tears and remonstrances of my old house-keeper, Mrs. Betty, to whose apprehension a trip to Paris is not a whit less dangerous than a voyage to the North Pole, I have determined to spend some time in this far-famed city, were it only for acquiring the traveller's right of turning up my nose at all those who have never stirred from their own fire-side.

Calais, Feb. 6th.

Here then I am, safe and sound, after a rough trip of eleven hours, in that noble and commodious steam vessel, the *Melville*. If any of you, my dear readers, have ever experienced the horrors of sea sickness, in the amplest sense of the word, you will conceive, better than I can describe, the delight I felt when I found I was once more on *terra firma*, where, without troubling myself about the fate of my portmanteaus, I was stopped by a chain so placed as to prevent the possibility of those who land scampering out of the reach of the *gens d'armes* before it has been ascertained that they have no prohibited goods about them. As I was not aware of this circumstance, I was quietly stooping to get under it when I was seized by one of these gentry, who took me to the bureau where the passports are examined, and from thence to a little dirty room, where a well-dressed and consequential looking personage begged, with an insinuating air, that I would just do him the honour to let him

see that I had nothing contraband about me. The idea of being searched has in it something so grating to the feelings, that I was forced to recal very strongly to my mind, the liberties of that sort which the Custom-house officers take even in free and happy England, not merely with the persons of foreigners, but of natives, and worst of all, with those of the lovely sex, whose persons ought to be peculiarly sacred, before I could give a great gulph and swallow the rough reply to Monsieur's polite intimation which was just at my tongue's end.

A moment's reflection enabled me to suffer the man to do his duty, which, to do him justice, he managed as delicately as a thing of the sort could be managed. I then sallied forth in search of my portmanteau, and turning by mistake into a part of the Custom-house where I had not before been, a scene presented itself that arrested my attention for a few minutes. The place is an office where travelling bags, band-boxes, or baskets, which people do not chuse to give out of their own possession, are examined.

A few yards of what the women call quilling net, had just been taken from the band-box of a pretty young Englishwoman. A tall martial looking figure, with a fierce air and enormous mustachios, was holding it in his hand, while the fair owner, in language that she intended to be French, but which was probably as unintelligible to him she addressed as Chinese would have been, was endeavouring to get them back.

In the heat of argument she had laid her soft white hand upon the one with which the soldier had grasped the net, and I confess I could not help smiling at seeing him gradually relax his hold so far as to permit her to slip one of her fingers into his, at first, closely shut hand. Having thus made a lodgment, she continued with fresh spirit her harangue, in which the word *tulle*, the only one that was intelligible, was very often repeated.

"*Tulle*," cried a jolly looking man in a strong Hibernian accent, "*tulle!* musha sorrow bit of *tulle* is there in it, at all at all; hark'ye, my honey, don't think now of passing your dirty bit of leno here upon a man of experience, like this, for *tulle*; and turning to the officer he declared in good French and with great effrontery, his astonishment at the woman's foolish

pride in claiming as *tulle* what was in reality nothing more than *gaze de coton*, contraband certainly, but yet not worth seizing, since the same quantity and of better quality, could be bought in Paris for thirty sous or less.

One might see that the officer was not sorry to find an excuse for relinquishing his prize; "Let us examine it," said he, gradually opening finger after finger, till he had suffered the fair owner to grasp it completely. He still, however, continued to retain it, though evidently less from the idea of keeping it than that of prolonging the pleasure of gazing on the pretty face which was turned towards him with a look of the most bewitching entreaty. "Depend upon it," cried the Irishman, "it is as I say, and she would tell you so herself, only she wants to appear mighty grand." At this moment, the lady contrived to open the only finger by which the captor yet retained the *tulle*, and, in spite of his half laughing declaration, that she must leave it till it could be properly examined, she caught up her bandbox and quickly vanished.

"You are quite sure it wasn't *tulle*?" said the officer, to the Irishman.—"Sure!" replied the other, "why, man, I'll take my oath of it." He turned to me, as he spoke, with a look so irresistibly comic, that it was with much ado I preserved my gravity while I enquired where I should find my portmanteau. As it contained nothing upon which the *officiers de la Donane*, could, with any sort of decency, lay their claws, it was soon dispatched, and instantly laid hold of by one of the numerous tribe of porters who are always in attendance. He conducted me to the Hotel Meurice, in praise of which he descanted all the way, assuring me, among other recommendations, that I should find every thing *tout a faite Anglaise*. There is no fault to find, with appearances at least, at the Hotel Meurice, and their coffee is excellent. Having taken a cup, and changed my dress, I next thought of ordering my dinner, but Mademoiselle Meurice, who, by-the-bye, speaks very good English, advised me to dine at the table d'hôte, where she assured me I should find agreeable society, and an excellent dinner. I then sat down and recorded thus much of my adventures.

(To be continued.)



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## VISITS IN LONDON AND ITS ENVIRONS.

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### A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM.

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HAVING, with pleasure, read Pennant's interesting account of the antiquities of London, I felt a curiosity to visit some of those public buildings to which is annexed much historical record and extraordinary tradition.

On the first of May, when all nature was bright in sunshine and beauty, instead of tasting the charms of rural life, I emerged into the heart of this great city, accompanied by an old friend, with whom, for a series of years, I had shared many a social pleasure.

We proceeded to the New Bethlehem, situated in the parish of Lambeth. The edifice stands nobly, but too much exposed to the public eye, opposite the High Surrey-road. The approach is along a parterre, in front of the extensive building, which is supported by Corinthian pillars. The aspect of the place is by no means gloomy. The entrance is through a spacious hall, in which stand, at each end, the celebrated figures in stone, not as Pope describes them,

“His brazen brainless brothers,”

but personifying the high and low state of insanity, with a terrifying expression; so powerful is the execution of these figures by the eminent G. Cibber, father of the poet.

We were ushered into a handsome spacious apartment, where Mrs. Forbes, (the matron,) a woman of pleasing address and demeanor, received us.

A sensation of awe came over me, when Mr. B— the superintendent, and Dr. W— joined us.

We first visited the female wards. When the large iron door at the end of the gallery was unlocked, and we mingled with the unfortunate beings, whose wild, abstracted air spoke, in the rapid expression of their eyes, that reason had deserted its throne, I could not conquer a feeling of terror, as I surveyed these melancholy fellow-creatures.

The gallery through which we walked is in length two hundred feet. It contains large windows, grated from the top

to the bottom. The opposite side consists of the patients' cells, or rather chambers, for they have comfortable beds and a chest to hold their clothes, which forms also a seat, instead of a chair. The extreme cleanliness and neatness of these cells is most agreeable to behold.

I was informed, that Mrs. Forbes's first act, on her appointment, was to knock off the fetters of these unhappy creatures, and with gentle soothing to endeavour to mitigate their deep calamity; and that violence and rigour were practised no longer on the poor victims of this woeful malady. Those persons, so pathetically described as chained naked to the wall, are now suffered to range uncontrolled, in this large airy gallery; and, as we passed through, we mixed promiscuously with the women. One female, in particular, of a most wild aspect, had, before the appointment of the present matron, been chained to the wall for a series of years, but was now allowed to range at large.

I remarked, that many of the women were verging on old age. Margaret Nicholson, who, more than thirty years since attempted to assassinate our late venerable monarch, has an eye undimmed by years; it seemed to be lighted up with fire, so piercing and fierce is its expression. She is a little, shrivelled old woman. She presented a snuff-box to the visitors, with a request to have it filled.

Next, a deformed female stepped forward, with a laughing facetious countenance, who, horrible to relate, had murdered her child. At one time, she was missed from the gallery for four-and-twenty hours, and it was apprehended she had made her escape; when the nurse, finding the fire wanted replenishing, opened the lid of the coal-box, and found little Hannah within, rolled up like a hedgehog.

Another woman was pointed out, confined for the same dreadful action, having actually decapitated her infant child, and was tried for her life.

The matron invited a comely-looking dame, as she was descending the gallery stairs, with the air and grandeur of a tragedy queen, to come amongst us; the figure was noble, but appallingly wild; she might well have personified Meg Merrilies, in her gesture and deportment; her attire was fantastic, but gracefully studied; her head decorated with a sort of tur-

ban, ornamented with large knots of yellow riband. She wore a white wrapping gown, and a shawl hung in careless drapery over her shoulders.

This female was the victim of seduction. Alas! too many of the patients' maladies have originated in that species of cruel depravity, breaking every law, divine and moral; sacrificing the peace, the reputation, the health of many a lovely young creature; leaving her, in the bloom of youth and beauty, in solitary and perpetual confinement, weeping over that lamentable fate,

"Where partial reason is awhile restored,  
And they themselves, are by themselves deplored."

Another young female presented herself, pale and wasted, her mild blue eyes dark and vacant; she looked like a drooping broken lily, so fair and lovely. She carried a basket on her arm with articles to vend; and complained, in a tender soft voice of lamentation, that they made her mad by keeping her there in confinement. She also was the hapless victim of seduction.

A third piteous object, seated in a remote corner, was too terrible to look on. She had lost all sense of conscious shame or feeling, often tore off her garments with such violence, that they were sewed on her body. At the age of sixteen, she had been carried off by stealth from a chamber-window, by a young man of fashion. Robbed of her virtue, she lived with him until she became a deserted outcast; and, finally, was admitted into this asylum a confirmed lunatic.

Much subject of mournful contemplation does the sad picture of these unhappy beings create! I was told, that more than two-thirds of the present female inhabitants of this hospital have been betrayed and deserted by men high in rank. Not quite depraved in vicious courses, the wretched victims, when meditating on their wretched condition, have been finally deprived of their senses, and here found refuge from miseries to which they are no longer sensible.

From the female wards we were shewn into the other wing of the building, containing the wards for the men. They proved objects of less interest. I was somewhat alarmed at the wild, ferocious aspect of several of them.

One man, of a tall, erect figure, was continually prostrating himself, as if he were worshipping the sun. Another one fancied himself an author, and read to us, in an audible, clear voice, a sort of declamatory Essay on Truth, by no means incoherent, but rather imposing in style and argument: he followed us to the end of the gallery, singing, in a melodious strain, the air of "Though prudence may press me."

We next ascended to the upper part of this extensive building, and were shown into a room occupied by a government prisoner. This man believed himself to be a prophet. He was seated before the window, with the implements of a shoemaker about him, and was busily employed with his awl. He appeared to be perfectly happy and contented. He possessed numberless singing birds in cages, hung on the walls of his apartment. He informed the company, that he was the prophet who was to announce the coming of the Messiah upon earth. He adduced so much false, yet imposing argument, as to surprise and entertain us by the powers of his eloquence. This man, Truelock, has been twenty years a prisoner in Bethlehem.

We saw also Hatfield, who shot at our late Majesty, many years ago, in Drury-lane Theatre.

The apartment in which the patients dine, is furnished with a large wooden table, platters of wood, and horn knives. Even with so harmless an implement as a horn knife, a patient, not long since, by working the point against his throat, murdered himself.

The kitchen is large, and conveniently supplied with every necessary utensil. Abundance of wholesome meat was preparing for dinner. There are also cold and hot baths for the patients.

A distressing scene, ere we finally quitted the gallery, occurred. A young lady, one of the visitors, was abruptly addressed by a genteel-looking man, far above the ordinary degree in his dress and appearance; he held out his hand, and taking her's with friendly familiarity, inquired after her health, addressing her by name.

The young lady turned deadly pale, trembled, and giving a shuddering look of horror and surprise, was supported in the arms of her mother.

The gentleman who addressed her, had been her lover. They



were on the eve of marriage, when it was broken off, by an unfortunate failure in business. He was an opulent merchant in the city. Unable to sustain his recent failure, he was deprived of his senses: he suddenly disappeared, and, until the present unlooked-for and appalling interview, the young lady and her friend, never knew what had been his destiny.

With an impression rather agreeable than depressing, I took my leave of this well-appointed asylum for the afflicted in mind.

E. I. S.

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### MR. HARLOT'S EXPERIMENTS.

In the year 1776, the public attention was attracted to an invention, for the security of buildings against fire, made by Mr. Hartley. This gentleman had a house on Wimbledon Common, where he exhibited experiments illustrative of his plan; and was, one day, honoured with a visit from royalty, to witness them. The King and Queen, with the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, the Princess Royal, and Princess Augusta, attended by Lady Charlotte Finch, General Dessaguliers, and Colonel Hotham, formed this august party. Their Majesties, with the Prince and Princesses, first breakfasted in one of the rooms; the tea-kettle was boiled upon a fire, made upon the floor of the opposite room, which apartment they afterwards entered, and saw a bed set on fire, the curtains of which were consumed, with part of the bedstead, but not the whole; the flames, from the resistance of the floor, going out of themselves. Their Majesties then went down stairs, and saw a horse-shoe forged in a fire made upon the floor; as also a large faggot lighted, that was hung up to the ceiling instead of a curtain. After this, two fires were made upon the staircase, and one under the stairs; all which burnt out quietly, without spreading beyond the place where the fire was first laid. Their Majesties paid the greatest attention to every experiment that was made, and expressed the utmost satisfaction at the discovery. The whole concluded by lighting a large magazine of faggots, pitch, and tar; it burnt with amazing fury, but did no damage to the floor or ceiling. The queen and the children displayed the utmost courage and composure in going up stairs and remaining in the room immediately over that which was raging with flames beneath.

## THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

## A SKETCH.

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“They are honest creatures.”—OTWAY.  
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“AND so we must part, my old friend, my poor Rover!” was the exclamation addressed by a very aged man to his dog, who looked wistfully into his face, as if conscious that there was something more than usually melancholy in the countenance of his master.

“And so we must part!”—The poor man wept as he leant upon a long staff, gazed down upon, and patted the animal, who licked his hand, and seemed to know that he had some share in his master's sorrows.

There are few who have not known abundant instances of the fidelity of the dog. Providence has evidently intended them to live in social intercourse with man, whom they regard as their natural protector, to whom they must render good service in return.—Every one with whom this animal has been domesticated, has some story to tell of its kindness, its intelligence, and its worth; and those who seek amusement in contemplating the “lower world,” find especial delight in noticing the dog. He attends to all the motions, watches every turn and change of the countenance, and appears to understand even the language of his master. Is he glad?—the dog is happy. Is he sorrowful?—the dog sympathizes in his sorrow. Faithful and devoted to death—and often when the grave closes over the body of his master, the dumb servant is the only earthly being that seeks no where else for hope or comfort. Man has many calls and many duties to wean his memory from the dead; and woman, even woman, soon ceases to think of the departed; but the dog seldom forgets the first object of its attachment. Absence, (which is death without death's hopelessness,) be it of ever so long a duration, scarcely ever weakens the affection of the animal; and the long-remembered voice of kindness awakens, to its full vigour, the devotion of the dog.

“And so we must part, Rover!” repeated the old man: and the dog asked as plainly as a dog could ask, why was his master sad.

The story of this aged man was not of the every-day order.

Near the place where he now stood was the cottage in which his parents had dwelt; in which he had himself passed many happy years, and in which four children had been born to him. Fifteen years ago, he had committed a crime for which he had been obliged to leave his country; that crime, although one which the law punishes with peculiar severity, is not one which, in a moral point of view, can be considered of a very heinous nature. He had been a poacher, and, like many sturdy Englishmen, had considered the game that passed over his own fields, as his own property. Having persevered, notwithstanding frequent warnings and minor punishments, in a course which the law had forbidden, he was at length tried as an incorrigible poacher, and transported from his country for fourteen years. The term having expired, he had now again entered his native village: his wife had been dead several years, and his sons were scattered no one knew whither. The only information he could obtain was, that one had enlisted into a regiment of the line, that another had been pressed into the navy; that a third had left the village in the service of a gentleman, who was a temporary resident there; and of the fourth, no one knew any thing, except that he was a wild, mischevious boy, who had not been seen after the death of his mother.

His former cottage was now without inhabitant, and the weeds covered the little garden that, in his time, was so neat and beautiful. In the village there were a few who recognized him, and of those few, there were none to welcome him to a place from which his memory had almost passed away, and which had long ceased to be the home of any of his kindred.

From the parish only he could obtain relief, and there his claim had been acknowledged. But by a late regulation, no pauper was suffered to keep a dog; and this was the sorrow that now pressed so heavily upon him.

"And so we must part, Rover!" he repeated a third time, "They will not give your master food, if he shares it with his dog. And there is no one else to give me bread. I told them I would ask no allowance for you, but would give you part of mine; and they cruelly asked me, what did a beggar want of a dog? What do I want of you, Rover! My companion, my friend, my only child—my poor, poor dog!"

And the old man sat down on the steps before his once happy home, and wept bitterly. The animal whined, and licked his master's cheek.



"If I could even find a master for you, Rover, who would be kind to you, as I have been, I should be almost satisfied; but it would take time to know your worth, and me time to know the worth of him to whom I gave you; and we must part to day, for we are both hungry; yet happy would be the master of such a servant. My poor, poor dog!"

The aged man covered his cheek with his hands, and the big tears fell upon his tattered garments.

While he continued in this attitude of deep sorrow, a gentleman alighted from his horse at the cottage-gate, and gazed around him, as if upon a scene to which he was not a stranger. The old man rose,—their eyes met,—and in an instant the father and the son were locked in each other's arms. It was his fourth son, the wild, thoughtless boy, of whom no one knew any thing.

When the first expressions of astonishment were over, and the father had related his tale,—which was merely that he had spent his years in bondage, and had returned to seek support from his parish; he pointed to his dog, and spoke of the agony he had just felt in the fear of purchasing existence, by the loss of his long-tried companion and friend.

The animal shared in his joy, and capered to show that he felt it; while the son patted the faithful animal, and said:

"The world has prospered with me, father; God has given me enough, and to spare; and I came to this place to purchase this little cottage and the piece of land that was so dear to my remembrance. You shall see my wife, and my dear children, and we will live here happily once more. Give thanks to the God who gave me the means."

"Blessed be the name of the Almighty! he would not suffer a repentant sinner to be desolate,—but my dog, my son, my dog!"

"He shall never want a friend, father, and you shall keep him till he dies."

The old man again wept, but his tears were now tears of gratitude and joy, as he turned to his old companion, patted him, and said, "We will *not* part, Rover, we will *not* part."

Rover whined, wagged his tail, and followed them proudly into the village.

*The Amulet.*



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THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

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"Some few there are, of sordid mould,  
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;  
Careless with what, or whom, they mate;  
Their ruling passion's all for state."

COTTON.

"If you please, sir, my lord wishes to speak with you," said a powdered footman, bowing obsequiously to a fashionable young man, as, late in the evening, he alighted from his curriole in Grosvenor-square. "Hang the fellow! what does he mean?" exclaimed the young gentleman; "call Watson immediately; here Watson, Watson, I must dress on the instant, or I shall be too late for the Duke's."—"Certainly, sir," said the valet, hastening forward; "my lord intends accompanying you, but he is not yet ready; and he desired me to present his compliments, and he wishes for the honour of half an hour's conversation with you, on some particular business, previous to your going to your toilet."—"A great honour, truly," muttered his angry master; "but I suppose there is no getting off without seeing him;" and then whistling, with an air of much unconcern, he proceeded to the library, where Lord Vincent had for some time impatiently awaited his approach. "Well, Mr. Courtenay; so you are come at last?" was his lordship's first salutation in no very agreeable tone. "Had I known the honour that awaited me, my lord, I should certainly have been with you earlier, even though my horses had suffered by my speed." "Indeed!" sarcastically rejoined his lordship; "I suppose Mr. Courtenay has been taking a lesson of obedience to-day, it is so very unusual for him to be solicitous about conforming to my wishes." "Positively, my lord, I don't understand you; and if your business with me this evening is not very urgent, I really must beg leave to retire,—I have several engagements." "This is all very well, Mr. Courtenay," exclaimed Lord Vincent in a voice of repressed anger; "you would gladly be suffered to trifle away your time from one place of amusement to another; but this will not do for me, unless you keep within the bounds of your income; and here are bills to a very large amount, which have been trans-

mitted to me, since the money is despaired of through your hands; I suppose you expect me to pay them, as on former occasions." "Your generosity, my lord, is so unbounded," replied Mr. Courtenay, throwing himself on a chair, "that, indeed, I cannot for a moment dispute with you about such a trifle." "'Pon my soul, William, you are incorrigible!" exclaimed his lordship, scarcely able to forbear smiling at the careless indifference of his son; "you know that I have settled upon you a handsome income, more than is consistent with the present state of my finances, and that the large fortunes I gave with your sisters, (which would not have been the case, had I, in the least, foreseen my late law-suit, and the loss of your uncle's estates), have, for the present at least, greatly impoverished me; then there is your mother's pin-money, of which she will not abate a farthing, though she is well aware of my embarrassments, and Henry's expences abroad, and——" "Oh! pray have some pity upon me, my lord, and do not enter upon such a long list of grievances; had you not better send for the steward; and if he cannot manage for you, call in the lawyer." "No, sir," sternly resumed his father, "you are the person I must apply to, since it is your extravagance which requires a remedy; you cannot expect me always to furnish money for your gambling debts, your racers, your hunters, your carriages of all descriptions, which must continually be changed as soon as made." "Well, my lord, I imagine you wish me to appear in the world as the son of a nobleman, as your son; and, believe me, it is my ambition never to discredit, in any instance, the name I bear. For this purpose, and not that I take any particular interest in them, I think it requisite to keep a good stud of horses, and to be seen at all fashionable places; and as to my carriages, I presume you would not like to hear it said that mine was the shabbiest thing in town, which would infallibly be the case, did I not take especial care to change with the mode. As to your threat of applying to me, 'pon honour, I shall be happy to meet any requisition you may chose to make, that is consistent with my character and not very troublesome." "Well sir, this is an easy, or a difficult matter, as you chose to make it; there is but one way, by which you can retrieve yourself, and that is to marry immediately." "Faith! my lord, I cannot exactly

say whether I relish your plan, or not; certainly, I should have no great difficulty in finding a spouse; without egotism, I may vouch thus far; but where to fix my choice, is the grand point; of course, fortune is your object, and I will not deny, it is mine also; for I see no reason to be ashamed of my hereditary prejudices; but then, you know, most of our great heiresses are either married, or likely to be so; to be sure there is Lady Sarah Rouse, and her sister Lady Mary, either of whom I have no doubt, I could win; but positively I cannot swallow their golden lure, with so much age and ugliness combined; hang me, if I should not fancy myself linked to one of the Gorgons." "Nonsense, William, do you imagine, because you choose your wife for her fortune, you must have one as old and ugly as sin? I do not wish you to be ashamed of your lady; but remember your own birth and family connexions, and that it rests with you to ennoble your wife, provided she has the ready: what think you then of going into the city for a wealthy heiress?" "The city! good Heavens, my lord; is it possible that a man of your birth can submit to such a degradation in your family," exclaimed Mr. Courtenay, starting from his seat, and pacing the room, then suddenly stopping before his father, he continued, "I can imagine your paternal joy, my lord, when in the Morning Post you see the marriage of the Hon. W. Courtenay, eldest son of Lord Vincent, and maternal grandson of the late Duke of — with the daughter and heiress of Timothy Scroggins, esq. an eminent soap-boiler in the Borough;—ha! ha! ha!" "You are too bad, Mr. Courtenay; 'pon my soul, you are; there are many very respectable citizens, who have amassed almost princely fortunes, and who, for the sake of a reversionary title, would marry their daughters to even such an extravagant puppy as yourself." "I thank you, my lord, for the compliment, but can assure you, that even such an extravagant puppy as myself, would blush to contaminate his noble blood with any of plebeian race, whatever my condescending father may think; only fancy, for a moment, my lord and lady Vincent invited to a party *en famille*, to meet good old Mr. Scroggins and his portly dame, both perspiring under the ham; Timothy nodding to the footmen, and rubbing his best wig on one side of his head; Madam Scroggins pursing up her mouth, and saying my lady to every word; her hand-



kerchief spread over her knee to keep her best gown clean, whilst my lovely bride hangs her head, and stammers and blushes so sweetly,—ha! ha! ha! does not the idea charm you? positively, I must repeat this conversation to my mother: oh! how her patrician blood will boil with indignation! Adieu, my lord; I must away on the wings of love to seek my dear Arabella Scroggins;" and Mr. Courtenay left the room, laughing heartily, leaving his father highly incensed at his conduct.

Mr. Courtenay was turned six-and-twenty; his figure was manly and elegant, but he spoilt himself by dressing in every extreme of fashion, and he had acquired an affectation of indolence and effeminate langour, which entirely obscured his naturally brilliant talents, and gave to his fine features an appearance of listlessness and conceit. His disposition was frank and affectionate, but his education had been injudicious, for he was the darling of his mother, who prided herself upon her high descent, and affected to despise the by no means superior abilities of her husband. Young Courtenay early imbibed his mother's prejudices, and hence his behaviour to his father was neither so dutiful, nor so respectful, as it ought to have been; yet there was a necessity sometimes to conciliate Lord Vincent, for Mr. Courtenay had entered into a career of gaiety and expence, which soon procured for him debts, beyond his mother's means to defray; and he was therefore often constrained to hear long lectures upon his extravagance, which, however, always ended in producing the sums required, provided he could turn the affair off into a laugh, which was generally the case, for Lord Vincent was weakly good-humoured, and nothing but the most pressing embarrassments could induce him to turn a deaf ear to the witticisms of his son. Of course, Mr. Courtenay soon found his advantage, and the result was, he became more gay and trifling than ever; but in the present instance, however he might try to dissemble before his father, he was well aware that he must either retrench his expences, or enrich himself by marriage; and to a young man accustomed to live in the height of luxury, the latter expedient appeared the more palatable. On the first view of the subject, the matter seemed easy enough, since Mr. Courtenay possessed more than an ordi-



nary share of vanity, and presumed greatly upon his birth and figure; yet, on a serious consideration his nicer feelings of honour prevailed, and he could not lightly enter into an engagement of such moment; or, perhaps, the continual bickerings of his parents might induce him to hesitate ere he made shipwreck of his peace on the uncertain shore of matrimony. At all events, he resolved, without actually going into the city, to look keenly out for some wealthy fair, or, in other words, to turn fortune-hunter.

"Well, Courtenay! what say you, my good fellow," said Sir Edward Dalling, as he took his friend's arm one evening on returning from the Opera; "will you accompany me to-morrow to Surrey-street? I have an engagement there with an old crony, Colonel Oswald, and will gladly introduce you." "'Pon honor," replied Mr. Courtenay, "I believe you must excuse me, as I have promised to dine with my sister to-morrow; and besides, who are these Oswalds? You know, Ned, what a proud fellow I am; though, as they are your friends, I ought not to have any scruples." "Oh! say nothing more, I beg, the Oswalds are very respectable people, though by no means first rates; and I do not know whether I should think it worth while to go, only I know a visitor of theirs, a very fine girl, and an heiress." "Eh! Ned! an heiress did you say? why, to be sure, that alters the case entirely; who and what is she?" "Ah! my dear fellow, do not trouble yourself; she will do very well for me, but she is not prime enough for you; she has only a paltry fifty thousand at present, besides other expectations." "'Pon my veracity, Ned, you are too bad; I must see her; only tell me who she is!" "She is the orphan neice of Mrs. Oswald; her father was a banker, named Dennison, and left her the whole of his property; she is a lovely girl, but you hear she will not do for you." "That may be, but at all events I can go with you, if it be only to quiz the fair cit—is she very pretty?" "I think so; there is an indescribable grace about her, an elegance, and frankness of manner, which charm me; but, perhaps, she would not strike your fancy; therefore, we will drop the subject, and you can keep your engagement with your sister." "So I will, my dear fellow, provided you will call upon me in your way to Surrey-street, for I swear to you, I will see the girl; so you may as well introduce me

properly." "Well, since you are so determined, I suppose I must not refuse you; only do not keep me waiting; and pray do not give yourself any unnecessary airs on the occasion, for Colonel Oswald is very tenacious of the respect due to him, and Miss Dennison has seen but little of the world." "A bargain, Ned, and a truce to your sage advice. Farewell, may you be as true to your appointment as I shall be to mine." The next evening, at the appointed hour, Sir Edward Dalling's carriage stopped in South-Audley-street, and in a few minutes Mr. Courtenay was seated by his side.

Sir Edward was a gay, good-humoured young man, who loved a joke, no matter upon whom it was played, for he never cared having it returned upon himself; on the present occasion he could not forbear smiling to see his friend more than usually stylish in his attire, and notwithstanding all his affected indifference, it was easy to perceive Courtenay's thoughts were fixed upon the heiress. After rattling away on many subjects, he suddenly exclaimed, "By-the-bye, Ned, we may as well go in with a dash and show these citizens something of life, and inind you introduce me in good style." "Oh! do not fear," gaily rejoined Sir Edward, "I will take especial care to give due emphasis to that important word, the "Honourable!" methinks, I already see the lovely Dennison lift up her eyes in sweet amaze to survey my honourable friend: but let me entreat you to spare her at first; so much grace and fashion will quite overpower her." The carriage stopped, and the gentlemen were conducted up a spacious stair-case, and ushered into a handsome drawing-room, well lighted and filled with company. As their names were announced, Mrs. Oswald came forward to receive them with an easy politeness, and the air of one accustomed to polite circles; which not a little surprised Mr. Courtenay, and rather threw him off his guard, for he had resolved to treat her with a condescending hauteur, and had, besides, assumed an elegant languor which he intended to be irresistible.

Whilst Mrs. Oswald was chatting with him, and Sir Edward was talking to the Colonel, Mr. Courtenay examined, with his glass, the female part of the visitors. There were two or three very pretty women, and by the consequence they assumed, they might well have been taken for heiresses; but somehow or other they did not exactly suit his critical taste;

therefore, he would not believe he had seen the one he sought. One of the card-tables just then broke up, and some of the company advanced to Mrs. Oswald: amongst the number was a tall animated girl, with dark hair, and black piercing eyes; her dress was fashionable, and she wore some splendid jewels. "This must be she," thought Mr. Courtenay, and he felt confirmed in this idea, when he observed the great deference she exacted from those around, and the smiles with which Mrs. Oswald received her. "Well, Maria!" she exclaimed, "how have you been treated?" "Oh! quite as well as such a wretched player can expect; but you see, my purse is completely drained, therefore; if I sit down again, I must beg you to be my banker." "By all means, my dear girl; but do excuse me till I enquire, whether the Colonel can make up a table for Mr. Courtenay." "You play, then?" said Maria, turning to Mr. Courtenay; his eyes were keenly fixed upon her, yet she neither blushed nor withdrew hers, but coolly repeated the question. "Pardon me," he said, "I do play; but I fear, were you to be my partner, I should attend but very little to the game." "You can compliment then," she archly replied, "but do not fear; I shall not give you the chance of throwing your money away. Heigh-ho! the room is insufferably hot; pray open one of the doors." Mr. Courtenay flew to obey her orders, but he inwardly cursed her affectation, and vowed to himself that nothing but her wealth should tempt him to trouble himself about her. "You really are very kind," she said, on his return, "but I have not done with you yet; you seem as if you liked being useful: therefore, pray hand me an ice." Courtenay went the second time, more leisurely than the first, and was joined by Sir Edward Dalling as he again reached the lady. He was surprised to see his friend's distant move, and still more so when he heard him accost her by the name of Cayley. "Why, Courtenay, how the deuce did you know Miss Cayley?" exclaimed Sir Edward, laughing heartily, as he drew him away; then in a whisper, he added, "She is very rich, but her father is a jeweller." Courtenay's indignant blood rushed proudly into his cheeks; "I could have sworn it," he said, "by the girl's arrogance, and her liberal display of ornaments: fool that I was, to waste a moment upon her! but now for the true heiress, and lest she should be as



familiar as the last, pray sound the Honourable in her ear." Sir Edward took his friend's arm and led him to another part of the room which was crowded with tables.

Courtenay's eye glanced keenly round, but not till he felt a slight pressure on his arm did he perceive that he had overlooked a couch near the fire, on which sat a young lady and a little girl, and at the same moment Sir Edward exclaimed, "What! still, and quiet as usual, in the midst of all this bustle: permit me, my dear Miss Dennison, to present to your notice, my friend the Honourable Mr. Courtenay, and let me petition you to favour him with one of your sweetest smiles." Miss Dennison looked up, at this salutation, with a good-humoured smile, but Mr. Courtenay shrunk back with such evident surprise and vexation, that both her face and neck were suffused with a deep and momentary blush; and Sir Edward, though he could scarcely restrain his laughter at his friend's sudden change of countenance, could not help trying to relieve her embarrassment. It is not to be wondered that the gay votary of fashion, who had pictured to himself an assemblage of all that was modish and elegant in the rich heiress, should start with amazement, on beholding the singular contrast she exhibited to every other person present.

Miss Dennison was rather below the middle size, with a figure unusually slight and delicate, but the just proportions of her form were obscured by the full dimensions of her gown, which was composed of the lightest shade of dove-coloured silk; her complexion was transparently fair, and perhaps it might be heightened by the white foldings of net which completely enveloped her bosom; her hair, of the lightest shade of brown, approaching to a flaxen, was concealed under a close cap of the same material as her kerchief, with the exception of two small braids, adjusted with the nicest care, on her clear, mild brow; her blue eyes, veiled under their long lashes, gave a soft and touching expression to features, which possessed otherwise a degree of quizzical archness. Miss Dennison in her usual quiet manner might be called pale, but in conversation, or when her feelings were in the least excited, the colour went and came into her cheeks in the richest shades, and it was impossible to regard her without a feeling of interest. In the present instance, however, Courtenay turned away with an angry



"pshaw!" to Sir Edward, and gladly accepted Mrs. Oswald's proposal to join a card party; yet, as he took his seat, he could not avoid turning to steal another glance at the heiress, who was chatting in so animated a manner to Sir Edward, and looked so truly good-tempered, that he could not but allow—she was pretty; so that he was half pleased when he found he was to be stationed at the table nearest her. "I will give the little rustic an idea of the bon ton," he thought, and accordingly he played off all the airs of a man of fashion. Towards the middle of the evening, Miss Cayley went up to Miss Dennison, and in a soft whisper asked whether she did not think Mr. Courtenay one of the handsomest young men she had ever seen. "I vow, my dear creature," she exclaimed, "I am quite enchanted with him; his dress is most elegant, and he has such sweet, languishing manners—are not you in perfect raptures with him?"—"Truly, friend Cayley," replied Miss Dennison, in a clear firm tone, "I am sorry that thy imagination is so soon pleased with this vain young man; I cannot give thee my opinion of his face, since I have not much regarded him; but verily I think his taylor hath either been very dishonest, or the poor youth is somewhat cracked, for thou mayest perceive his garments are cut sadly too small." Mr. Courtenay lost not a word of this speech, doubly galling as it was, from being the opinion of one, whom he had made no doubt of captivating, and from the calm, decided manner in which it was pronounced.

"I shall never forgive thee for playing me this trick, Ned," exclaimed Courtenay, as they were seated in the carriage on their return. "A little piece of prudish antiquity! So pert too in giving her opinion: but if ever I see her again, I will quiz her most unmercifully; pray how came she to be stuffed into such a party? I should have thought she would not have run the risk of being contaminated by such a gay set." "Perhaps not, had she the choice. Mrs. Oswald was her father's sister, and brought up in the same persuasion, but she soon doffed her sober suit, and ran away with the Colonel. Old Dennison, however, continued firm in his attachment to her, and at his death left the Colonel one of the trustees for his daughter, with injunctions for her to reside some part of the year with her aunt: but you must think her pretty." "Why, I do not

know; to be sure, she is not downright ugly, but then she is so horridly prim and demure." "Oh! that soon wears off, and by-the-bye, the Colonel told me to-night, she has a beautiful estate in Essex, beside all the ready cash I mentioned to you before." "An estate! by Jove, she is worth looking after, and if one could but make her throw aside that prim cap, for she really has fine hair; the girl would be tolerably passable; but then the saucy minx, to reflect upon my dress, when her own is so frightfully puritanical; I can never forgive her impertinence." "Her indifference, you should say. I see how it is, you are galled, my dear fellow; and certainly it was too bad, when you had taken such infinite pains at your toilet; after all, you had better look after the dark-eyed Cayley." "Abominable! I am vexed at myself beyond measure for bestowing a thought upon that affected creature, and then only think how she will boast of having made a footman of Lord Vincent's son! Certainly the little quakeress is preferable to Mademoiselle le Bijon, for she has the most consummate effrontery."

CONSTANCE.

(*To be continued.*)

#### STERNE'S ELIZA.

IN Evans's History of Bristol, volume the second, published in 1816, we are told, that, among the monuments in the Cathedral of that city "peculiarly worthy of notice, is one raised to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, the Eliza of Sterne." The monument is then described, and the following is given as the inscription on it: "Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, in whom Genius and Benevolence were united. She died August 3d, 1788, aged 35." Sterne died in 1768; this lady therefore must obviously have been much too young to have been his Mrs. Draper. The 15th volume of the Beauties of England and Wales, contains some notice of Lady James, who resided many years since at Hartham, in North Wiltshire, where she possessed an estate which she left at her death to her nephew, Lord Rancliffe. This lady is stated to have been the individual celebrated in Sterne's Letters, under the names of Eliza, and Mrs. Draper.

## SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 332, Vol. XXII.)

## THE VALLEY OF TABRIZ.

THIS is, perhaps, the wildest, and most romantic track in all northern Media. I rode on, gazing from side to side, on the porphyry-coloured rocks; some shattered, and thrown athwart each other, dark and streaked with an iron red, as if lightning had overturned and scattered them; others, shot up in giddy, shining pinnacles, to the clouds, while the deep recesses between, were green as dewy spring, and abundant with every rich and luxuriously-foliaged tree. I was here entering the main pass, into the land of the Cyruses, the Dariuses; old time seemed to roll back with me for many hundred years. The heroes, themselves, came successively before me. A glamour-gifted eye from Caledonia, might have said, he saw them issuing from "their clouds," to meet him in the valley! then, again, I beheld Mandane, the heroic mother of the most glorious of all the Persian monarchs; next, Esther, the beautiful Jewish bride of the great Artaxerxes; and, in magnificent, but sad procession, the not less lovely wife and daughters of Darius, crowding to the tent of his conqueror. Full of these images, I moved slowly on; at last, almost totally regardless of exterior objects, till turning my horse into a narrow, apparent path; which proved to be a grove without an outlet; I descried, through the branches of the trees in the opposite direction, a most extraordinary kind of cavalcade, winding towards the spot, from the adjoining hill.—In the same instant, my chief attendant, who had hastily pursued me into the thicket, to apprise me there was no passage, catching a glimpse himself of the interdicted vision before us, made an appalled sign to me, not to speak or stir; and immediately fell flat on his face, with his eyes close to the ground. Mine, I engaged in gazing on the apparitions, which had so alarmed him, and, therefore, only the more rivetted my curiosity; since they were of that very sweet, attractive sex, I had been conjuring, in lovely shadow, before my mind's eye; little expecting they would appear, bodily, before my corporeal sight. How they

came here, I could form no guess; since all women of condition, which their apparel declared them to be, are for ever closed from any chance of meeting the general gaze; and these seemed of the highest, the colour of their raiment being scarlet, with rich shawls enveloping their heads and shoulders. They were mounted on spirited horses, in sumptuous housings, while the fair riders rode—not in the fashion of England! but the long, full draperies of their sweeping robes, rendered the masculine position, hardly distinguishable from the side-saddle habit of the European mode. They passed my covert, three in number. And whether my horse, by stirring at the moment, made a rustling amongst the leaves, I know not, but one of the group turned her head, as if at some noise; and, with the natural action, accompanying the look towards whence it had proceeded, raised the corner of her shawl-veil for the instant; and, such a face I then beheld! which, though its brightness, ere it turned off again, was but like a flash of lightning to my eyes, I never shall forget; certainly, I never saw such before, never since; and it is my belief, in no country, I shall ever see one to equal it. A train of ten or twelve black eunuchs, armed, and grim as imagination can paint, followed in the rear. When the last hideous guardian of so much beauty, had so completely passed our recess, that even the echo of his horse's hoofs were out of hearing, my attendant rose from his clinging embrace of the ground.

"What are those ladies?" I enquired. "Wives of our prince," he replied, "travelling to join him at his military camp on the banks of the lake of Ouroomia! and, as I have done, all other eyes than his, should shroud themselves from the presumption of looking on them." He then explained the strict precautions commonly taken to prevent their encountering any other travellers in their occasional journeys; and, indeed, it was only by our accidentally turning into this unsuspected covert, that we saw them now.

I questioned him further, about the most beautiful of the three; or rather, the only one whose face I had seen; yet it was hardly possible either of the two others could equal her. But the honest Persian put his hands on his ears, and told me, "it as little became him to talk about the women of his master's *anderoon*, as to look at them." I was pro-



voked; for the man had been a servant in the prince's family; and, I did not doubt, could have satisfied my curiosity, to know of what country in the east, that perfect model of female loveliness had come; whether a native of Circassia, Georgia, or a Persian born; in short, whether a purchased slave, or a free daughter of the land. But I was not to be so discomfited, pretty well aware of the usual talisman in most countries, and taking from my purse a little piece of gold, called a *tomoun*; the coin of the realm, about the value of our own half-sovereign; held it out to him. His hands instantly dropped from his ears, and by a kind of irresistible attraction, stretched towards it. "Here," said I, "is your Shah's *racham* (licence,) for free passage any where! Honour it, by free speech to your voice! answer what I ask, and I give it you." The fellow grinned, "*In Shalla!*" (please Heaven!) replied he, with a profound reverence to the money, while his countenance resumed all its former gravity, and laying his hand solemnly on his breast, he bade me utter my questions. That was soon done: and the substance of the sly rogue's information, was sufficiently interesting, to cause me to memorandum it down in my day-book, thus:

#### THE ROSE OF THE ANDEROON.

So this most beautiful of all the fair inhabitants of that part of the prince royal's establishment, is distinguished from the rest; anderoon, being the appellation in Persia for that suite of apartments for the abode of the women, which, in Turkey is called the harem, and in India the *senana*; and never, it seemed from the enthusiastic encomiums of my narrator when he did unlock his tongue, had there entered within the ancient empire of the sun, so resplendent a creature. But she had been a slave; purchased only the year before, of a poor blind merchant from Circassia, with six other girls of that plundered country, at a cheap rate, for serving-maids upon the royal lady, or favourite wife of the prince royal. This eminent female personage, being the mother of the first boy born to the heir of the kingdom, by a law in the irreversible code of the Medes and Persians, must ever after,—that is, during life, hold the chief rank in the prince's family. But having been some time ill, her superiority in personal charms was entirely gone; female beauty, in this exotic climate, blooming into loveliest

womanhood at the age of ten or twelve, and withering into all the wrinkles, and deformity of haggard years, before they are twenty. Hence prince Abbas saw no more the charming Zaluma, who, only a few summers ago, fresh in sportive, luxuriant attraction, had borne to his fondly enamoured arms, his first born son. For having a mind as childish as her years, it could only animate the lovely frame nature had bestowed, with the frolic playfulness of health and happy spirits. And when the one sickened, the other also quickly sinking to languor, met, even prematurely, the usual sentence of time. The fragile blossom of her beauty perished under the breath of only a week's illness; and when Zaluma, shuddering, beheld her altered features in the mirror, one of her trembling, pitying attendants presented to her command, she threw it back upon her couch, well knowing the doom written there; that though as mother of the young heir, she would ever hold the chief station in the anderoon, yet, her place in its master's heart must now be resigned to another. And who would be that other? Her eye, in the course of that melancholy day, roamed over every fair face that entered her chamber, to pay her the customary reverence; all, so lately, entirely neglected for her! and was she now to seek, and find, a rival amongst them? Two alone shared the dignity with her, of being called the prince's wives; but they had never yet shared with her one of his nuptial smiles; they had received such distinction, from reasons of policy, merely; therefore it was on another class of candidates for his favour, that she cast her scrutinizing looks;—the most eminently beautiful, of the highest order of purchased female slaves; and who, being the especial property of the prince alone, always stood unveiled in his presence; but when before this, his chief wife, (or Sultana, as the Turks would call it,) out of respect to her, their eyes were always bent to the ground. Proud expectation, she now saw in many a flushed cheek, and her bosom swelled with the answering pang. But in none of these did Zaluma behold her rival.

The slaves of service, bought at an inferior price, were never seen without the large dark blue linen *chadre*, (the veil of the east,) and enveloping their persons so completely from head to foot, they scarcely could be discerned as human. Two holes cut in the wrap over the face, allowed them to see: and openings at the

extremities of full falling sleeves, enabled their hands to perform their serving duties. One soft, and sweet evening, when Zaluma had ordered herself to be laid on her cushions, in the viranda of her chamber, with its gaily foliated casements open to the setting sun, the prince, seeing her, from a terrace in his garden, immediately joined her in this, he knew, her favourite seat. It was an hour earlier than his usual daily visits; for, though he often, now, found her querulous, as well as melancholy, and charmless, a tender memory of past loveliness, brought him each evening to the side of her who could awaken passion no more. During this visit, she was seized with a sudden spasm; and in the immediate pang, throwing herself into the arms of a chadred slave, the only attendant present, and who had, kneeling, been fanning the feverish temples of her mistress; the unhappy Zaluma, in the struggling convulsions of her malady, rent off the young mute's veil—and discovered to the amazed eyes of the prince a splendour of beauty, which needed no contrast, to proclaim its perfection, though so sad a one was near! but, its unexpected vision, dazzled him; and, almost "blinded by excessive light," for a brief instant he laid his hand upon his eyes, to recollect himself. She, intent on sustaining the agonized form of her mistress, and believing herself a thing of nought, was unconscious of the gaze.

The prince looked on her again; and that matchless countenance seemed to him, of some angel from its orb; at once unfolding to him all the charms of perfect beauty, mingled with an intelligence, to companion her with his mind; and a sensibility of feelings, which instantly seized on his heart—his soul!

When Zaluma recovered to recollection, she found herself supported in the arms both of her prince and slave; and, herself seeing for the first time the face of her most sedulous, and soothing attendant; a face, so like, indeed, to some ministering houri, from the benign presence of the prophet; she glanced from it, to the eyes, hitherto directed on her's alone, with the vivid expressions of admiration, and saw, in that one look—who, was now to be to him, what she had been! Zaluma, uttering a gasping, half smothered cry, cast herself again on the bosom of the beautiful slave; and, in a burst of sobbing tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Cadijah, be kind to my son!" The prince, who had never before seen that heart's tenderness touched,



in all his endearments of the gratified, favoured wife, now beheld it quivering under the apprehensions of an anxious mother! and, perhaps, at that moment, when his heart was in full wing to another bosom, more congenial with his own, the lingering throb for her who had been the mother of that son, was more fondly, purer love, than any he had felt in their fancied hours of most transporting raptures. He did not check the natural tribute, but even allowed the generous tear of a grateful tender pity, to drop from his filling eye, upon her shrivelled, burning hand; and with his other arm, he pressed the blooming, and the faded beauty, as they were enfolded together, to his breast.

It is scarcely requisite to add, that Cadijah met her good fortune, with an answering, though a modest, aspect of fully accomplished happiness. For the royal master, who immediately proclaimed her the selected one, to complete the legal number of his wives, and take the place in his bosom vacated by the sickness of the Sultana Zaluma; he is, not merely a prince endowing her with splendour, and elevating her to greatness; but handsome, amiable, and noble. And Cadijah's mind could comprehend these virtues. She cherishes Zaluma, who still exists, a lingering invalid, with all the watchful care of an affectionate sister; and, as an elder brother, rather than a husband and lover no more, the royal Abbas often accompanies his beloved, into the chamber of the mother of his heir, and cheers her soothed feelings with all the delicate attentions of his manly, and beneficent nature.

Prince, thou dost deserve Cadijah! Cadijah, shall I not say that thy perfections, merit—what?—can any crown to female beauty, and reward to female virtues, be richer—of rarer worth, than the entire heart of a man, such as the whole nation of Persia picture Abbas Mirza to be!

But did I ever behold Cadijah again! or aught that resembled her! I am in the land of wonders; therefore something I have to relate hereafter, may, or may not, according to the humour of my reader, be considered a fairy tale!

*(To be continued.)*



## THE WIDOW OF THE LOIRE.

A simple Tale of Fact.

By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by shrinking dignity, concealed!

IN the opulent city of Orleans dwelt the friendless widow of the Chevalier de Bayard. Not that Chevalier de Bayard, whom history has recorded as the hero of royal France some centuries ago, but a descendant of his family, a man equally brave, and deserving the *imprime* on his name—*Sans pur, sans reproche*. This latter de Bayard was cotemporary with the revolution in France of our own times; and after sharing in all the campaigns and disappointments of the Prince de Conde's warfare against the regicide governors of the country, he died, a lingering emigrant on the frontiers of the land of his birth, and fondest attachment to the last; leaving a wife and three children, to bear, unprotected, every rude shock of their reversed fortunes. Soon after this event, Madame de Bayard ventured again into France; it was during the first year of the consulate; and took up an obscure residence at Orleans. She had been drawn thither particularly, by the hope of receiving succour from a brother of her own; whom she had not, indeed, communicated with for many years, he having embraced the side of the revolutionary party; but he was then rich, and, though always disliking her marriage with one of the 'privileged order,' having had a kind heart, she trusted he would receive her as a sister now.—But who can paint the situation of Madame de Bayard, when she learnt that this hope, too, was no more! Her brother had died only the year before, after having married; and bequeathing all his wealth to his young bride, she had just united herself with another husband; and they were revelling in all the dissipations of Paris.

The wretched mother, with a breaking heart, retired to a miserable lodging, in the suburbs of the town. Such a place, her poor children had never beheld before; much less could they ever have brought to their fancy, the supposition of such a place for their mother to dwell in; and in Orleans too, where

they were to find a rich uncle, and a great house, with every cheerful comfort attached to the hospitable welcome of a generous kinsman! but they entered a low basement apartment; the crazy jutment of the beams of its flooring, pending over the here muddy stream of the rapid and silver Loire, whose obstructed waters, as if resentful of its indignity, or sharing the wretchedness on its banks in this quarter, murmured loud and hoarsely over the heaps of broken pottery, and other rubbish, that blocked its way, unseemly to the eye, and sickening to the sense. Madame de Bayard wrote from hence, to her deceased husband's brothers-in-arms of the disbanded Conde army, narrating her disappointment, on arriving at Orleans; and soliciting, by their interference in her behalf, some pittance, however small, in the form of a pension from the expatriated royal Condes, to preserve her children from perishing. But hope failed her here, too. The claims on that bounty were more numerous than its powers, and her's could not be answered. Sorrow, and absolute want, now in prospect, pressed heavy on her soul; and the shock of this last final repulse threw her into a sick bed. She looked on her children from that sad pillow, with that bitter anguish which only a friendless mother can know. One was a daughter, the eldest of the group; just expanding from the bud of smiling infancy, into the tender bloom of loveliest female youth; but the blight of a parent's grief had already shed its withering drop there!—Madame de Bayard turned away her tearful eyes upon her two sons. The one just twelve years of age; the other, fifteen; had been educated by their accomplished father, with all the pride of his birth, but taught to feel that dishonour alone can disgrace the offspring of gentleman; and they fondly had repeated, over and over again to her, on their first perception of her really forlorn state, on taking up their abode in that miserable home, that "when they were men, and the years were not far distant, when Theodore at least, would be so, they would both become soldiers in some foreign army, and support her and their sister out of their pay!"—"So, cheer yourself, mother," was the usual addition of the little Armand," for you shall then have a pretty cottage on the banks of the Loire, and be so happy!" To serve in the republican army of the French, never could enter the head of the children of de Bayard; neither would his widow have

wished it, even to re-establish her in a home, splendid as the one her husband's loyalty had forfeited. She, therefore, had smiled, though mournfully, on these infantine dreams of future promise; deeming them, indeed, not impossible to be realized, if, meanwhile, any means, however scanty, of sustaining life, were accorded to the dear projectors. But hope was cut off by her answers from Sweden, then the asylum of the wandering, almost houseless family of Bourbon; and her affliction forced itself in utterance to the appalled ears of her children, when she first aroused from the fainting fit into which she had fallen on reading the dooming letter.—Now, laid on her bed, she was more tranquillized in her nerves, but the agony of the heart was the same. Her sons, young as they were, calamity had taught to be too sensible to the situation now before them; and when withdrawn from her presence, they gave themselves up to despair, in low whispering lamentations, accusing the pitiless fate, which had brought so undeserved a ruin on the family of their brave and noble father.

Time wore on; no more letters arrived; no human foot but their own, ever entered that wretched, winter-drenched apartment; and still Madame de Bayard lay a woe-stricken invalid, now tortured with racking pains from the influence of the damp upon her uncurtained bed. The young, and in spite of every cankering circumstance, indeed beautiful Genivieve, had just entered her sixteenth year. It was on the anniversary of her birth-day, the fatal destruction to all their hopes had prostrated her mother thus; and since she had ever watched by her, and attended her with the most soothing aspect of serenity on her smooth brow and sweet lips, and the mother felt comfort in the idea of her child's resignation. But it was not so; that young heart could conceal its sense of calamity, but it could not yet be resigned to its infliction. When she ever left her mother's side, on any little needful service; or by commands from herself, to breath a momentary inhalement of fresh air, then she could no longer restrain her struggling soul. The ready tears burst from her heavy eye-lids, day after day, washing away the rose from her cheek, and dimming, with a squalid tint, the once brilliant white of her complexion. Want was now familiar to her; abstinent in her share of the daily food, excusing her little eating from the scantily provided morsel, on the plea



of no appetite; but real famine was gradually imprinting her wan lines upon her countenance and figure: yet all the pains, and accompanying weakness within her, her spirit could bear unrepining, could she only preserve her beloved mother from perishing, and see hunger and internal misery less terrifyingly present on the faces of her dear uncomplaining brothers. Convents had then been done away with in France; there were, therefore, none, at whose door the daughter of de Bayard might ask for timely aid for his poor deserted family.—She bethought her of seeking needle-work, at a large shop she had noticed in a neighbouring street; and after much entreaty and scalding tears mingling with her words, the master pitied the visible distress of the young suppliant, and gave her a few handkerchiefs to hem, promising her more, when they should be brought back.

Genevieve's joy at this prospect of earning subsistence for them all, (so little could she calculate on her own limited powers, and its style of remuneration!) caused her to run with her treasure to her mother, to share the transports of her anticipations with her. But hope again was blasted. On taking back the cambric, when finished, and asking smilingly but modestly for more, just as the benevolent employer had slipped a couple of francs into one of her hands, by way of payment, and put a parcel of new linen to make in the other, a fierce-looking woman, his wife, snatched away the latter, and striking the poor girl on the cheek, whose beauty, waning as it was, had excited her jealousy, bade her begone! with epithets Genevieve could not understand, but which she knew must be opprobrious, from the violence of the manner. The husband turned away, not daring to remonstrate; and the outraged victim of his humanity, fled away, scared; her cheek burning with the severity of the blow, and her heart breaking under that of her disappointment. Oh, how could she tell her mother, her brothers, that her fond anticipations were thus at an end!—She hastened down an alley not far from the door of her wretched home, and hurrying to a retired and gloomy spot, amongst some ruins on that side of the river, threw herself down upon the cold frost-bound ground, in all the agonies of wounded honour, of bereaved means of succouring objects most beloved; and, for awhile, given up to utter desperation, she wept and raved. The first transports, however, of tumultuous feelings being over, the spring of the



youthful heart took its impulse again; and raising herself upon her knees, with uplifted and clasped hands, she implored the Father of Mercies to strengthen her mind to the endurance of this, and every other trial that might await her; but, oh! how fervently did she pray, that the seeing her mother die, and her brothers pine away from want, might not be one of them!

She rose, with a serenity that surprised and comforted her; trusting that her own calmness would now be extended to the minds of her brothers, when she should unfold to them, as she felt she ought to do, that even the short-lived means, that had opened to her to provide in any way for their suffering parent, had thus suddenly terminated. But when she found them together, in the little outer-room, divided by a thick prison-like wall, from the even smaller apartment, in which their mother was sleeping, the sight of their pale faces, but more the smiles of a gratulatory expectation which spread there, when she entered, set all her tranquillity to flight again—and she burst into tears. A few incoherent, but, at length, two expressive sentences, revealed to them all that had occurred to her. Theodore listened, with his young blood boiling in his veins, till it seemed ready to break out at his throbbing temples. When she ended, he sprang from his seat, and walked from side to side of the little room, with a sensation, and aspect of a creature suffocating; and at last his indignant soul found some vent, but in hardly intelligible sounds. "Wretch!" exclaimed he, "To profane the innocence of de Bayard's daughter! And strike you, my sister! Would to Heaven, I were a man, to make all who could stand, and witness that outrage, feel a brother's vengeance!" Armand heard Theodore's agonized adjuration with an answering feeling; but his emotions were of a less stormy kind, and throwing his arms about his sister's neck, affectionately kissed away the drops of sorrow from her tear-worn eye-lids, while the thick sobs in his bosom, asked that consolation for himself he sought so tenderly to bestow on her. "Do not cry so, dear Genevieve!" softly murmured he; "God will help us yet. My mother is a great deal better; indeed she is, else would she sleep so soundly, as she does now!" "Poverty! Starvation! we could all bear!" resumed Theodore, "but my sister insulted, and I not able to avenge it—not able to shield her, in every way,

as my father would have done, is—more than I can bear!” and the noble youth’s countenance proclaimed the same, for sitting down, gaspingly, he looked as if the hand of death was upon him. “But we must bear it, my beloved brother,” gently replied Genevieve, “for God has laid it on us!” and with these words, she tenderly drew Theodore to her side, and reclining his head upon her bosom, in her turn now kissed off the tears which soon deluged his agitated face. His young manly heart felt less oppressed, by this kindly flood of nature, but the pang was not less deep there; however, he allowed himself to be pacified to a hard submission, under the awed enforcement of his sister’s own meekened spirit, “that it was the will of God!”

Thus mutually quieted, the little group, Armand still affectionately clinging to the arm of his sister, adjourned to the room of their mother; who, by hearing her cough, they found had awakened from her long, and they trusted, refreshing sleep. On their entrance, she stretched out her hands to Genevieve. “Well, my child,” asked she, in a languid, but thankful tone, “what did the kind tradesman say to you this morning? He is, surely, heaven’s humble minister to us.” Genevieve sat down by her mother; and, after pressing that dear, emaciated hand to her trembling lips, told every part of her disappointment, excepting the blow she had received. But that she had been driven with ignominy from the good man’s door, was outrage sufficient to wring the soul of the suffering, helpless Madame de Bayard.

Genevieve’s colourless cheek flushed, grew pale, and reddened again, several times, during the recital. Theodore’s lip quivered convulsively: and Armand, after some ineffectual inward struggles, sobbed aloud. Madame de Bayard’s destitute state, did not seek any further reason for these general signs of acute feeling, than the single fact of her daughter’s repulsion, from their newly-awakened hope of some small means of future subsistence. When she had heard her to the end, with a heavy sigh, she kissed the forehead of first one agitated child, and then the other, conjuring them not to doubt the Providence, which had promised protection to the fatherless and the widow; and, that whatever might farther happen to them in this world of many sorrows, to continue to love and cherish each other,

through them all. The injunction need hardly have been given; for these poor children of poverty and mutual suffering, were already all the world to each other; but Madame de Bayard feeling herself so ill, and assistance no way in her power, contemplated the probability of her death not being very far off; and this was almost like a dying exhortation.

When the two brothers went to bed that night, in the dark closet that constituted their chamber, they began afresh the subject of their sister's insult. "It is our own fault," cried the eldest. "How?" enquired the little Armand; "I should never forgive myself, if I thought so." "Yes," returned his brother, "by exposing her in this way, we privilege every base-souled wretch to trample on her feelings; to wound, and affront them; but, for that outrage on her person—I cannot bear to think of it.—Why should she alone endeavour to assist our mother?" "Oh!" cried Armand, "I now understand you! tell me how we can work for my mother and her, and then I shall be so happy." "My father," replied Theodore, "taught us both to play on the flageolet. Let us to-morrow go to the music shops, and offer to perform at their different concerts, for some adequate sum; and if we are successful, our dear Genevieve shall never have such tears to shed again!" Armand entered heartily into his brother's plans; and laying his young head, on that now hope-calmed brother's breast, both fell softly asleep in the arms of innocent security.

J. P.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### A PLEASANT COMPANION.

SEGRAIS, the French poet, was famous for his talent of relating anecdotes and pleasant stories; and the vivacity of his mode of recitation rendered the inexhaustable variety of his narratives extremely amusing. He seemed to take a delight in being thus occupied, so that when he began he did not soon leave off; which led a friend to observe, that he only wanted winding up, and he would go for a fortnight.



## THE RIVALS.

*(From the Literary Souvenir.)*

Most ungrateful maid,  
Have you conspired, have you with those contrived  
To bait me with his foul derision?

SHAKESPEARE.

"NEPHEW Philip! nephew Philip! I will bear it no longer; one prank following another, night and day, day and night,—brawling and feasting with your flashing gallants:—what care I for fine name and silk doublet? I, Luke Malmsey, of Malmsey Manor, knighted by his late sacred majesty's own sword!—I, that might have spoken in Parliament, and ruffled at court with the best!—I, that have stayed in retirement to give you a proper bringing up!—Did not worthy Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve teach you to fear God, honour the king, and obey me in all things?—and Barnaby the huntsman train you in woodcraft?—and I myself show you how to carve a woodcock when you had shot it,—to sing a song, and give a toast? And what return have you made for all my care,—ay, what return, I say, nephew Philip? When I sleep, don't you wake me?—when I speak, don't you contradict me?—is dinner ever served at noon, or supper at six? Are not my old serving-men flouted by your town lackeys? Did not you, or a brother knave, shoot Roan Barbary in the paddock—poor old Roan, that carried me to meet King James of blessed memory? Go to, graceless! I'm not dead yet,—no, nor ailing yet; and while I do live I'll have peace and quietness,—and I'll be obeyed and respected by my own household,—and therefore, I'll MARRY, varlet!—think upon that now!"

Sir Luke ceased speaking, not because his anger was exhausted, but that he lacked breath to give it utterance. Complainant and culprit were both sitting together, after the evening, or, as a modern would term it, afternoon, meal, complete opposites in dress, character, and appearance. Arrayed in a loose night-robe of murrey-coloured damask, stiff enough to support itself on end, with sleeves of sufficient width to contain a nephew in each, Sir Luke Malmsey occupied, in every sense, a tub-like arm-chair, which, with its massy frame, and cumbrous cushions, would have shamed half a dozen degenerate *fauteuils*. On a stand, which matched the dark walnut

wainscotting of the room, lay the materials for smoking; and beside them stood a huge silver cup filled with clarey wine, made hot, and flavoured with honey and costly spices. The knight's appearance bespoke him a choleric, credulous, indolent, good-natured old bachelor; who ate often, slept much, expected deference, and had no objection to flattery. He was, moreover, to quote a few lines of an excellent old ballad \*—

A worshipful country gentleman who had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate;  
With an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate :  
He every quarter paid his old servants their wages,  
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages.  
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks ;  
With an old hall hung round with pikes, guns, and bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows ;  
With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,  
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds ;  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds, &c.

Opposite to him sat his nephew, who also looked, what in reality he was—a personification of mirth and mischief; a conceited, frolicksome, refractory youth, who had so long considered himself, and been considered by others, the undoubted heir to Sir Luke's estate, that he was apt to forget that at present Sir Luke was its possessor. His person was handsome, and from the scrupulous care manifested in its decoration, it seemed that none were better aware of this circumstance than Master Philip himself! The leg was "a reasonable good one," and arrayed consequently in tight fitting silken hose; his figure was elegant, and therefore the velvet doublet was closely buttoned; while his hair hung down to the falling collar of delicately wrought cambric, in elaborate, and yet not ungraceful, curls.

From these slight sketches of their respective characters, it will readily be supposed that uncle and nephew were the plague of each other's existence. There is, however, a point, beyond which none may venture to give, because none will endure, offence; and master Philip having recently returned from town with a fresh importation of friends and fopperies, and having, with their aid, performed a few characteristic exploits, Sir Luke was provoked to threaten the desperate remedy of marriage.

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\* "The Old and Young Courtier."

"Now, by the thistle of St. James!" exclaimed the scapegrace, on hearing his uncle's determination, "one would think that finding a wife were as easy as buying a horse; and which of our fair neighbours will you deign to accept?"

Sir Luke vouchsafed no reply; but continued, to use the phrase of the period, "taking" his tobacco, "that stinking weed," as Stowe terms it, "so much abused to God's dishonour." Not aware that the portentous puffs which ever and anon emanated from his uncle's lips, were in fact so many expressions of anger, master Philip resumed his banter:

"Well, but uncle—uncle Luke, I say, the thought is a thrifty one—our matters are not well looked to—we need a woman's eye;—this wainscotting, with all its "dainty devices," looks but dingily methinks;—our tapestry hangings lack repair;—the Queen of Sheba's petticoats are indecorously rent, uncle, and King Solomon hath no longer eyes to see the mischief;—the rusty bucklers in the hall cry out for Margery the scullion—our silver"—

Sir Luke's patience was exhausted; and he interrupted these audacious allusions to his household gods, by sending forth a sudden gust of smoke which effected what no remonstrance would have done—it brought tears into his nephew's eyes! but the graceless youth, after applying his perfumed and embroidered handkerchief to the suffering organs, returned to the charge.

"Fie—fie, good uncle! an' I had been your lady just then!—portly Mrs. Cicely of the Hold, in her scarlet kirtle, and Sunday hood—with two rings on each finger, and her purse and keys gingling on her waist; or lady Beatrice, uncle,—only fancy the lady Beatrice, covering her eyes with her dainty hand, and saying—'Sooth la, Sir Luke, you are an odious brute!'"

The young heir was a mad-cap, but his apparently random introduction of these fair dames was a stroke of policy. They were the only unmarried ladies of consideration in the immediate neighbourhood, and he wished to sound his uncle's sentiments with respect to them. Mistress Cicely of the Hold, would, he well knew, have little objection to become mistress Cicely of Malmsey Manor; but the lady Beatrice, the refined, the beautiful, the coquetish lady Beatrice, although dependant on her brother, would, he knew, just as soon accept an offer to live in a rook's nest.

At length the knight opened his mouth for the purpose of speech. "Nephew Philip," said he, in a voice that made ne-



phew Philip wish that his discretion had equalled his impertinence, "the father of the lady Beatrice was a worthy gentleman, my well-esteemed friend. Albeit, too fond of wasting his patrimony in tricking out his grounds after a vain and foreign fashion:—but that matters nothing to thee, or to thy concerns, nephew Philip—which are well nigh settled;—troop thy ways hence before to-morrow noon;—take all that belongs to thee—horse, hound, hawk, lackey, belt, blade, and scabbard,—leave not a feather behind;—go to town, go to court, go to St. Nicholas, 'an thou wilt—but come not within sight of Luke Malmsey, and Malmsey Manor, on this side doomsday—think upon that now!"

The choler of an habitually calm man, or the calmness of one habitually choleric, is equally to be dreaded; and this last speech of the knight's, uttered in a quiet, determined tone, convinced the young heir that for the present the sun of his fortune was obscured. Aware, that as yet neither submission nor remonstrance would avail him, he retired, with a crest-fallen aspect, very foreign to one so incorrigibly volatile. Meanwhile, Mr. Jonas Cassocksleeve, and grey-headed Barnaby, the huntsman, were summoned in turn to Sir Luke's retiring room. The conference held with the worthy chaplain and the commission entrusted to him, we are not yet privileged to unfold; but with the errand confided to the inferior agent, the reader shall be made acquainted.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

[In compliance with the wishes of several of our readers, we purpose to omit in future, our Epitome of Public Affairs, and to substitute instead matter of a more entertaining nature; but we shall not suffer any event of importance, which may transpire, to pass without notice.]

#### DEATH OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THIS momentous event took place at Taganrog, in the southern part of Russia, the beginning of December. The following account of the causes and circumstances of the catastrophe have been published in a morning paper.—About five years ago, the Grand Duke Constantine conspired against the authority and life of his brother. The plot was discovered, and its author pardoned; little or nothing of the affair being suffered to transpire. It was only known that some regiments of Imperial Guards had shewn symptoms of insubordination

at or near Petersburg, which had been promptly suppressed. Though Constantine was pardoned, he was ordered to remain within the bounds of his Viceroyalty, and informed that, as a farther punishment, he would be cut off from the succession, which the Emperor would transfer to his youngest brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas. With a view, perhaps, to regain or preserve his popularity with the army, Alexander then gave way for a time to the spirit of religious enthusiasm with which it longed to avenge the barbarities committed at Constantinople and in Moldavia, on the Greeks, and their common patriarch. This project, which would have been so agreeable to the soldiery, was frustrated by the interference of Austria and other members of the Holy Alliance: in consequence of which a spirit of discontent began again to prevail among the troops. Things however remained in a state of apparent order and security as long as Alexander was on his guard, and while he resided among subjects whose loyalty was untainted. But no sooner had he resolved on his distant expedition, and ventured to a part of the empire where discontent and disaffection prevailed, than plans for his destruction were renewed. The conspirators took every means to create in their intended victim the most unbounded confidence. All on his passage was contentment and happiness, and never, in the centre of his capital, and his guards, had Alexander thought himself more secure or more beloved. On his return from the Steppes of the Krimea, and before he quitted Taganrog, a succession of fetes was given. In one of these, a water party was formed on the Sea of Azof, which washes the walls of the town. The conspirators contrived that the Imperial boat should be manned entirely by themselves and their friends: the confident monarch embarked before a gazing population, and the boat rode gaily from the shore with the shouts of thousands to fill its sails. But when the vessel was alone on the waves, when no friendly eye could see or ear could hear, with a struggle, or in calm despair, amidst the curses of unmasking foes, or in deep silence, a mental voice alone thundering "Retribution!" the Autocrat of half a world was strangled.—The Grand Duke Constantine left Warsaw, where he resided, for Petersburg, on receiving news of the death of his brother, and he was proclaimed Emperor on the 15th inst. The official announcement in the *Moniteur* relative to the late Emperor, is, that he "died at Taganrog, after a few days' illness."

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**NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

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**HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.**

**A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION**, translated from the French of A. F. MIGNET. We live, perhaps, too near the period of the portentous transactions which form the subject of this work, to pass them in review, without mingling with them our own prejudiced conceptions, and distorting, more or less, the principal characters and events. To expect, therefore, an absolutely impartial history of the French Revolution, in the present age, would be quite unreasonable. The work before us, however, comes the nearest to that character, of any which we have yet seen. It has been well received in France; and we conceive that the English translator has rendered an acceptable service to our literature, in making it generally accessible to his countrymen.

**AN AUTUMN IN GREECE**; comprising Sketches, &c. of the Country: with a View of its present Critical State. In Letters, addressed to C. B. Sheridan, esq. By H. Lytton Bulwer, esq. To which is subjoined, Greece, to the close of 1825. By a Resident with the Greeks, recently arrived. 1826. Post 8vo. This work affords much interesting information concerning the present condition, resources, and prospects of the Greeks; and the author appears, on the whole, to have treated his subject with calmness and impartiality.

**FORSYTH'S ANTIQUARY'S PORTFOLIO**. From the antiquarian lumber which has been accumulated by his predecessors, Mr. Forsyth has selected whatever was most curious and interesting, for his very useful "Portfolio." This is a work which will save much time and labour to the young student, who may here meet with intelligence hitherto only to be found in voluminous, scarce, and expensive publications.

**BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTES, &c.**

**REMINISCENCES**. By Michael Kelly. Among the multitude of works on auto-biography, which have issued from the press, in our own times, there is none which we have seen more amusing than the present. Mr. Kelly would, however, have added to the gratification of his readers, if he had paid a little more attention to order and regularity; but the nature of the work, and the natural garrulity of old age, may be pleaded in excuse for the imperfections of the author, who has seen a great deal of the world, and related what he has seen, with much liberality and candour. The book is full of anecdote, and can hardly fail of being generally read.

**DRAMATIC TABLE TALK**; or an Assemblage of the choicest  
VOL. XXIII. S. I. F



**Morsels**, and most piquant Anecdotes, connected with Dramatic History and Biography, from scarce, expensive, and original sources. By Richard Ryan, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. This is a lively and agreeable publication, combining much information relative to the history of the stage, with a variety of pleasant anecdotes, calculated to amuse a lonely hour, better than most books of the kind.

**COURT ANECDOTES.** 12mo. Sams. The editor, in his preface to this volume, professes to have gathered together "as many scattered traits of manners, customs, virtues, foibles, &c. as might serve to illustrate the character of courts and courtiers." Such a plan promises amusement, at least, if not instruction; but to attain that object, something more is requisite than a collection of puns, witticisms, and other "good things," almost as old as Joe Miller. There certainly are novelties in this work, but they are so thinly scattered, as to give an unfavourable idea of the industry and judgment of the compiler.

**VARIETIES OF LITERATURE**; being, principally, selections from the Portfolio of the late John Brady, esq. author of "Clavis Calendaria." Arranged and adapted for publication, by John H. Brady, his Son. 1826. 8vo. To expect much novelty from a work devoted to explanations of old customs, proverbs, &c. would be somewhat unreasonable. A little more of what was rare and curious, instead of what is common-place, would have heightened the value of this collection, which, however, is not destitute of merit.

**TIME'S TELESCOPE**, for 1826. 12mo. This is the thirteenth volume of a periodical work, which has, for some years, been conducted with considerable ability. It contains an elucidation of the Saints' days, sketches of British history, and antiquities, with notices of ancient sports and pastimes, natural history, biography, poetry, &c.

### NOVELS AND TALES.

**PANDURANG HARI**, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. These volumes contain an account of the state of society among the natives of Hindostan; and affords a faithful picture of their vices and follies. The story is well written; and whether the details are founded on fact, or merely imaginary, they are extremely entertaining.

**EUSTACE FITZ-RICHARD**: a Tale of the Barons' Wars. 4 vols. 12mo. Historical novels or romances have been commended, as tending to make the youthful mind familiar with preceding ages, by filling up the meagre detail of naked history, with that passion, feeling, and, as it were, breathing intelligence, which belong not to the mere chronicler of events, but which are essential to a correct and complete idea of the transactions of remote times. Such appears to have been the purpose of the author of this novel, which relates to a period when the arts were but little cultivated, commerce was in its infancy, war the grand occupation of the

higher classes, and slavery the portion of the lower. The hero of the story is the son of a city merchant, who captivates the affections of a lady of high birth and great personal beauty and accomplishments. Various other characters of different ranks are introduced to fill up the scene, which are well portrayed; and their adventures connected so as to form an interesting and entertaining narrative.

**THE SUBALTERN.** 12mo. Blackwood, Edinburgh. This appears not to be a novel, but a tale of real life; describing events which took place during the Duke of Wellington's campaigns in Spain. The author writes in a vivid and impressive style, so as to rivet the attention of the reader to his work; which was first published in detached portions, in the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

**NOVEMBER NIGHTS;** or Tales for Winter Evenings. By the author of "*Warreniana*." 8vo. This is a light and amusing production.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**HEBREW TALES;** &c. 12mo. The stories in this collection, though derived from the ancient writings of Jewish authors, will appear new to most readers. Instruction as well as amusement may be found in most of the pieces which Mr. Hurwitz has brought together, to form a miscellany, which does credit to his learning and judgment.

**THE PLAYS OF CLARA GAZUL,** a Spanish Comedian; with *Memoirs of her Life*. Small 8vo. There is something extremely singular in these dramas, which, though termed comedies, turn upon incidents of a very tragical description. The authoress has made her pieces the vehicles of attacks on what she would term political and religious prejudices. Before the restoration of Ferdinand, she had attained great popularity, but on the occurrence of that event, she emigrated to England, where she is at present. The plays, though not destitute of other merit, are chiefly interesting as affording the means of estimating the prevailing taste of the Spaniards in dramatic composition.

**MIRROR OF THE MONTHS.** F. 8vo. The design of this work is to describe, in an excursive style, the appearances connected with a country and a London life, during each successive month of the year. The first four months appeared in a periodical publication; and the favourable reception they met with, induced the author to complete his undertaking.

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#### Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

**Lord Byron.**—The Letters of this celebrated nobleman to his Mother, which an injunction of the Lord Chancellor prevented the late Mr. Dallas from publishing entire, have recently made their appearance from a Parisian press.

**Roman Antiquities.**—At Frescati, in Italy, the ancient Tusculum, where Cicero had a country seat, some remarkable antiquities were discovered not long since. They consist of a theatre, an aqueduct, a fountain, baths, vases, a head of Jupiter, other pieces of sculpture, fresco paintings, &c.

**Music.**—Mr. Galbraith, a performer on the German flute, has invented an ingenious instrument intended to afford correct ideas of time. He calls it a *Timonicon*.

**Sir A. Halliday's** Memoirs of the House of Guelph, now printing, have, it is said, been improved by the contributions of a most illustrious personage.

**Spanish Melodies.**—A Collection of Spanish national airs has just been published; the profits arising from which will be devoted to the relief of the distressed emigrants from Spain, in this country.

**Madame Catalani** lately gave a Concert at Genoa, which was honoured by the presence of their Sardinian Majesties. On this occasion, the air of "God save the King," adapted to Italian words, was sung with great effect.

**Mosaic Gold.**—A new compound metal has been discovered, possessing the colour and lustre of gold. It is said to be superior in beauty to Petit Or, or Egyptian Or, and at the same time much cheaper, since it can be manufactured for less than two-pence an ounce.

**Waverley Novels.**—When the lady of Sir W. S. wants any new expensive dress, or piece of splendid furniture, if on applying to her husband for the money necessary to purchase it, he makes any demur, she instantly tells him "Ye maun write anither novel, Waltie."

**Mr. Brougham** has been re-elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Mr. Campbell, the Poet, will it is said, succeed Mr. Brougham.

The Life of NAPOLEON, announced in the introduction to the *Tales of the Crusaders*, is in the press.

Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson has another volume entitled *Hours at Home*, in the press, which we shall not fail to introduce to the notice of our readers, when published.

A Panoramic view of the hitherto scarcely known, but really splendid *City of Mexico*, in South America, excellently painted by J. and R. Burford, has lately been opened, for public exhibition, in Leicester-square.

**Two Musical Prodigies** (quite infants,) whose performance on the Harp and Piano Forte were (for their ages) really astonishing, made their debut to an audience of editors and private friends, on the 25th ult.



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*Fashionable Carriage & Evening-Dresses for 1880*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Pub. Jan. 1880 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1826.

### CARRIAGE DRESS.

A PELISSE of amaranthine velvet, trimmed at the border with a broad flouncing of light sable. The body is full round the corsage, the fulness confined half way with a broad strap: the collar is made to stand up. Habit-shirt of French cambric, with a full trimming of the same material. The sleeves are full from the shoulder to the elbow, and confined from the elbow to the wrist with straps of velvet; a broad cuff falling over the hand. Muff of the same fur as the border of the pelisse.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with a small bow of the same material on the right side. Ornaments, a gold brooch and clasp.—Limerick gloves and boots of amaranthine prunella.

### EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, ornamented with a broad flounce in fan flutings, surmounted by scrolls of crape and white satin rosettes. The body is made plain, with two falling tuckers of vandyked Urling's lace. Short full sleeves of crape and satin, the fulness confined by ornaments to correspond with the border of the dress. An embroidered scarf of rich silk is thrown carelessly over the arm. Ornaments of pink topaz and coloured gold.—White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—As the season for gaiety and festivity approaches, the hair is arranged in a more luxuriant and fashionable style: the curls in the front are very large and generally divided on the side, leaving two or three very large curls on the forehead. The bows are large and brought rather forward, mingling with a full Grecian plat. For very fashionable parties, this head-dress, surmounted with feathers, produces a brilliant effect; for less splendid occasions, interspersed with flowers, or poppy-coloured gauze, it is universally admired.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the Head-dresses, to MR. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate-within.



## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

VENETIAN cloaks, of the richest winter colours, and the most costly materials, are now in great request among ladies of the first fashion; they are chiefly trimmed with sable, grey-squirrel, and other valuable furs. Cachemere shawls, with rich variegated borders, are generally worn over dresses for evening parties, on returning home. The large fur pelerine, so necessary an appendage to out-door costume at this season, is much worn over high dresses of British cachemere, poplin, or coloured bombazin. Cloth pelisses are very prevalent for the promenade; they are for the most part trimmed with fur, and beautifully braided in front of the bust.

Hats of coloured velvet, ornamented with curled feathers, forming a handsome plume, one long feather falling over the left shoulder, are very much admired. Velvet hats are now of a very becoming shape and moderate size. Some black velvet bonnets are ornamented with yellow narcissus, and other coloured flowers, of the same material. Hats of blue velvet, ornamented with a plume of cock's feathers, are considered very elegant. Others are trimmed with ends of satin riband, shaded, forming a diadem; these ends are cut in sharp points. On some hats are placed wreaths of velvet flowers in a serpentine form, which have a beautiful effect. A few shaded velvet hats, ornamented with feathers of the same colour as the hat, are worn by ladies of the highest fashion.

Dresses of amaranthine levantine, are in great repute for home costume; they are trimmed with pointed flounces, edged with black silk cord, and ornamented with a black velvet girdle, fastened with a highly wrought gold buckle. The body is made in the form of a sheaf: the sleeves are full, and fastened at the wrists with gold bracelets. Dark shaded striped silks are also much worn; the ground is of a Macassar brown; the stripes orange and scarlet, finely shaded. Silks of Scotch tartan, are beginning to be very prevalent. Chintzes and printed muslins are chiefly confined to the morning costume. A dress of Canary *gros de Naples*, worn by a lady of distinction, has been much admitted; it was trimmed at the border with three broad bias folds of the same material; the sleeves were very full, and confined at the wrist with three bands of the same silk as the dress. The corsage was made plain, and partially low, and

finished by a double pelerine of white crape, scalloped at the edges, and fastened in front with a bow of scarlet and yellow striped riband. The pelerine was surmounted by a small frill of Urling's lace.—An evening dress of white crape over pink satin, has a charming effect. This dress is ornamented at the border with four broad bias folds, each lined with pink satin; the body is of white satin, made rather low, and richly trimmed with blond.

The hair of young ladies is arranged with a degree of simplicity which we cannot but admire; a few pearls, or full blown roses, with a gold comb, are all that are worn. The charming *fichus* are in great estimation among married ladies, for home costume; they are worn at all times of the day, except at dress parties; a simple full-blown flower, placed backward on the left side, is the sole ornament. The morning *cornettes*, composed of fine lace, are also much admired; they are placed wide on the temples, the head-pieces ornamented with full puckerings of gauze of a bright colour. We have seen a very elegant turban worn by a lady of rank, which was much esteemed. It consisted of a piece of Scotch tartan silk, green and red, entwined round the head, and confined by gold sliders at equal distances. To this was added an elegant gold comb. A favourite bracelet is formed of a piece of broad gold lace, embroidered over, in a fanciful pattern, with pearls or small garnets.

The most fashionable colours are, amaranth, pink, scarlet, geranium colour, and the various shades of blue.

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#### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

“EVERY thing appears to be changed in the order of nature and in the fashionable world, within these few years!” exclaim our celebrated *coiffeurs*, *marchandes de mode*, florists, &c.; “this spring temperature is truly despairing; it retards the period in which brilliant assemblies succeed each other without interruption, bringing to light every day some new caprice of fashion, which it is so delightful to gratify.” Indeed, many ladies of the first elegance have adopted the English custom, and do not quit their country seats until after the Christmas holidays. At present, the grand balls and evening parties are postponed till after the

new year; but in order that we may lose nothing in the way of enjoyment, the Carnival, or rather dancing assemblies, are prolonged until the end of Lent. In the meanwhile, we can at least give our fair readers a foretaste of all the pretty things prepared for this happy epoch.

The newest cloaks have a collar forming a pelerine, pointed in the front. Some robes of velvet have, at the bottom of the petticoat, three bias folds in satin, crossed by edgings of chenille. The most admired have a large twist of gold towards the bottom, and a light embroidery above. Sometimes, gold loops, sewed flat, and very near each other, forming quadruple rows, cross in a serpentine form round the petticoat. The following are among the latest novelties since our last report:—

A robe of French grey *gros de Naples*, ornamented at the bottom with two double rows of pinked flounces, and finished with a broad wadded hem. Over this is worn a cloak of cachemere wool, of scarlet and black plaid, with double capes lined with satin, and finished at the edge with broad scallops. Black velvet hat, lined with cherry-coloured satin, and ornamented with black plumes.

A Merino robe of celestial blue colour, trimmed with two vandyked flounces. The sleeves are made large, and gradually diminish in width towards the wrist, finished by a gold bracelet. A Moravian vandyked collar, tied at the throat with a bow of the same material as the dress. Black velvet hat, ornamented with straps and bows of the same.

Robe of nereide *gros de Naples*, ornamented with a double row of treble vandyked trimmings, each row headed by a chain trimming. The body is made tight to the shape, and finished with folds from the shoulder to the centre of the waist. Epaulette falling over a loose sleeve, confined at the wrist by a vandyke ornament, and broad bracelet. With this dress is worn a hat of Scotch velvet, ornamented with blond lappets, crossed in the front: the lappets are made long, and hung carelessly over.

Hats of chocolate-coloured velvet, ornamented with tulips and velvet, with a bow of the same material placed under the brim on the right side, are much in request. Those of green satin, lined with blue velvet, are in very good taste. These two colours united are beginning to be very fashionable.

Gold ornaments on hats of black velvet are again in fashion.



Young ladies have the crown of their hats entirely round, forming a large Bolivar on the front, and sloping very much behind: the best are of black velvet lined with rose-coloured satin. On hats of black velvet are sometimes placed a bouquet of small rose plumes behind, and a bouquet of white plumes in front.

Poplins of a rose-colour, blue, and marsh-mallows, with designs resembling a pillar, knit in silk, produce the most brilliant effect, and will be adopted for robes of the toilet. Scotch scarfs, are very much admired; some of them have three large squares only in the width; these squares are of a single colour, and are Haytian blue, red, and black; they are separated by small stripes of different colours. Several robes of rose-coloured satin, with *ruches* of black blond round the corsage, are in great estimation. The long sleeves of black tulle display to advantage short sleeves of rose-coloured satin. The head-dresses worn with these robes are composed of garlands of three tufts, leaving an intervening space without flowers, from the middle of the front to the temples; or three large red and black flowers mingle at each side with the curls of hair, whilst the bouquet in the middle is placed naked in the front. This is the prettiest and most original kind of toilet which has lately appeared.

It appears certain that the style of head-dresses, with the hair formed by knots of riband, will be adopted this winter. This head-dress forms a diadem on the front, and suits every kind of physiognomy. Nothing can be more graceful than this garland crossing the hair, and terminating by a knot on the side. Toques of gauze and gold tissue, ornamented with gold fringe and tassels, are much admired, as are also head-dresses composed of gauze ribands of silver and large puffings across the top of the head. An ornament composed of the ends of the same riband, is placed on the right side. The bird of Paradise colour is much esteemed for dress robes, Haytian blue, Raymond blue, Caroline, Barbot, &c.; nearly all the shades of blue, present and past, may be employed in every thing which forms part of the toilet. We see robes of velvet or Merino; *toques*, *berrets*, hats, ribands, and even flowers of blue, but chiefly the shade called Haytian blue, which is mingled even with black velvet for hats and *toques*.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE LAMENT:

A BALLAD.

COME here, all ye virgins, and pity my case,  
By a lover neglected and left in disgrace;  
By a lover whose charms and whose falsehoods are such,  
That I neither can praise nor lament him too much.  
When first seen o'er the hills of the East, he drew nigh,  
How beauteous his footsteps, how cheering his eye!  
The lark sprung to meet him, all nature was gay,  
And his bright golden hair, how it stream'd on the day!  
As nearer and nearer each day then he pressed,  
How quickly he thawed all the ice off my breast!  
And the hours of his absence were never then long,  
And those hours too were soothed with the nightingale's song.  
O then if I sickened, I sickened of love;  
For relief from his ardours I sought the cool grove;  
But where did the grove, rock, or desert appear,  
Which his eye did not pierce, which his smile did not cheer!  
O the joys that are past! by my lover caressed,  
When my lap teemed with wealth, the rose bloomed on my  
breast;  
When the poet delighted my charms to rehearse,  
And a wreath from my hair was the meed of his verse.  
But those moments so precious are fled with swift pace,—  
For a month at a time I now scarce see his face;  
So languid his smile is, so distant his air,  
My poor heart is quite sunk in the depths of despair.  
My tresses are scattered, dishevelled, and torn,  
Through the chill night I sigh, and I weep every morn:  
My charms were called forth by a beam from his eye,  
In his absence they wither, they languish, and die.  
Now my strength, and my youth, and my beauty are gone,  
My times are accomplished, my fate hastens on;  
His eye is averted, he sees not my death,—  
Now my last hour approaches, I scarce draw my breath.

To a new favourite then he'll his passion transfer,  
And his gifts and his courtship will all be for her;  
Like me, with his smiles she will kindle and glow,  
And his kiss from her bosom will melt off the snow.

But like me deserted, she, too, will soon prove  
How transient his fervours, how fickle his love;  
And like mine, her short pageant must quickly be o'er,  
For the circle she treads I have trodden before.

THE OLD YEAR.

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MORNING.

I LOVE to see, leaving his orient couch,  
The vigorous MORNING rise; to see him fling  
Into the west the coverings of the night,  
Darkness and mist; to see him take  
His shining azure robe, and wrap the clouds,  
Fringed with refulgent gold, round his broad form;  
While shining on his breast, his honour-star,  
The spark'ling sun, appears. Then forth he comes  
The sub-lord of creation, calling all,  
Through this mighty world, his mighty Maker  
To adore and praise.

—————Or, as he's sometimes seen,  
Cowled in deep grey, when scarce his star appears  
Through the thick folding of his well-closed robe.  
How meditative then he comes! how much  
The mind delights to muse! How Mem'ry paints  
The bright gone by! and Reason would infer  
A cloudy future, and declares, how Hope  
Deceived us when she led our joyful hearts  
To think that youth would be far, far more long.—  
Still, Morning, still, I love to see thee come,  
Although thy angry voice, in tempest peals  
Around my ears; although the pelting storm  
Round me its vengeance flings; yet even then  
Thou rid'st a conqueror through the eastern gate,  
To break the chains of sleep.

ST. IDUR.



## WOMAN.

*Sub dulci melle venena latent.*

THERE is a charm can soothe the breast,  
There is a bliss can rock to rest,  
Each madd'ning tumult of the mind,  
Each woe misfortune leaves behind.—  
—'Tis woman's love, 'tis woman's worth,  
Can call the kindlier feeling forth!

There is a pang which rends the heart,  
There is a woe will not depart,  
But clings with close and hungry skill  
Around the brain, which maddens still!—  
—Oh! woman, wert thou *true* as *fair*,  
My soul had never known despair!

VALENTIA.

## SOLUTION

OF MR. LACEY'S CHARADE IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

YOUR riddle I've read, and it seems something new,  
But then tis a riddle not quickly seen through,—  
Yet still to look into it, now I shall try,  
And I hope to see naught that may cause me a sigh:  
But I trust, though your writing's so pithy and terse,  
To my rhyming solution you'll not be a-verse;  
And to answer it, I shall feel much less ashamed,  
Because your Charade is so truly well framed,  
For 'tis cautiously worded, as suits cunning Seer,  
And yet, to my thinking, your subject is clear.  
It abounds in reflection and scorns to disguise,  
Yet is looked on by all with most favouring eyes,  
Is dear to the duchess, and countryfied lass,—  
It is—is it not, sir,—a smart *looking-glass*?

BETTY BLACKBERRY.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Ophelia's Poetry generally, we have but one objection to offer; it transcends our capacity of comprehension.

G. S. King's communications are received.

St. Idur will perceive his wishes have been attended to.

We wish our Correspondents to bear in recollection that ours is not a religious work; although we are scrupulous that nothing may be found in our pages offensive to the most pious mind. This observation will be an answer to several communications not otherwise noticed.





*Engraved by T. M. Smith from a miniature by Miss Byrne*

*Mrs. Lowry*

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